

CIVIL WAR'S SECESSION SUCCESS REAGAN'S NEAR DEATH AND REBIRTH SLAVE TRADE FIRSTHAND REPORT

American History

Portraits of **PRIDE**

Edward S. Curtis and his last images of the first Americans

Edison, Ford and Firestone
Gone Wild

The Founders'
1776 Suicide Pact

Our Gordian Knot
Immigration

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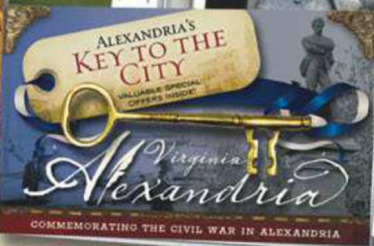
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Henry Ford, in cowboy gear, clowns with Thomas Edison in 1923. For years, Ford and Edison were joined by Harvey Firestone and John Burroughs on the most unlikely—and unforgettable—road trips ever.

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ON THE COVER:

Edward Curtis' photographs, like this one of Heavy Shield, circa 1900, helped define the image of the American Indian in popular culture.

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Two Hopi masks—or katsinam—were among the 65 sacred objects sold at a controversial Paris auction in April. Together, these two items fetched \$23,000.

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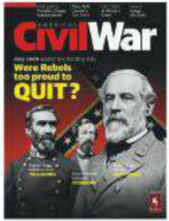
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AMERICA'S CIVIL WAR

Why Gettysburg Didn't End the Civil War



A supreme irony of the American Civil War was that on—of all dates—the Fourth of July, 1863, the Confederacy, at the height of its

power, suffered two reverses from which it would never recover. Instead of using these calamities as an opportunity to sue for peace, the South forged ahead for two more years into wreck and ruin.

At Gettysburg, Pa., on the evening of the 4th, the remnants of Robert E. Lee's Army of Northern Virginia began their retreat after three days of battle. The losses were so severe he was never again able to take the offensive, and the following year Northern forces began to close in on the Army of Northern Virginia. Gettysburg became known as the "high tide" of the Confederacy.

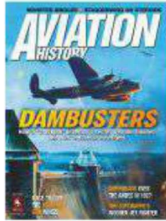
A thousand miles southwest of Gettysburg, Lt. Gen. John C. Pemberton surrendered his Confederate army at Vicksburg, Miss., to Maj. Gen. Ulysses Grant. Vicksburg was the last Rebel bastion on the Mississippi River, and its loss cleaved the Confederacy in two, fatally crippling the South's efforts in the war's Western Theater.

The politicians in Richmond would admit none of this, however. Despite the grievous losses, they insisted the Confederacy must fight on to final victory. Early on, the South had its chances, but by July 4, 1863, it was too late. It would have been an excellent time to stop the war.

— From *"Torn on the Fourth of July,"* by Winston Groom, July 2013

AVIATION HISTORY

U.S. Army Airmen Take a Trip Down South in 1926



Major Herbert A. Dargue, one of the Army's most experienced pilots, was selected to lead a crack team of 10 U.S. Army

airmen. Since few aviation facilities were available in Latin America, all the pilots selected for the project needed to be trained mechanics as well. Their motto became "No Work, No Ride." The airmen were expected to divide their time between flying, maintaining their aircraft and attending innumerable dinners, ceremonies and public relations events in the countries they visited.

Although the flight had a positive effect on U.S. relations with South America, it took its toll on the men and machines involved. "There was a banquet every night given by the American colony or by the officials of the country," noted one of the pilots, Captain Ira C. Eaker.

"These usually lasted, with the dancing that habitually followed, until midnight. So, to bed by midnight for four hours of sleep before the 4 a.m. call for a new day of flying, mechanical maintenance, and social or protocol events.... Captain [Arthur] McDaniel remarked near the end of our flight that we had danced more miles than we had flown."

— From *"Around Latin America in 133 Days,"* July 2013

VIETNAM

The Day of the Burning Monk Revisited



June 11, 1963, was a typically hot and muggy day in Saigon as AP correspondent Malcolm Browne picked his way

through the city streets to a Buddhist pagoda. He'd been tipped off about an event that would mark the latest episode in the struggle between Buddhists and the South Vietnamese government. Browne did not foresee that on this sultry morning he would bear witness to an unforgettable moment that would profoundly color the course of events in Vietnam. With the camera he always carried around his neck, Browne would make a compelling and enduring photographic icon of the Vietnam War.

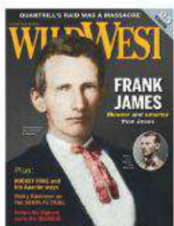
Titled *The Ultimate Protest*, the picture dramatized the struggle between the Catholic South Vietnam President Ngo Dinh Diem and the nation's Buddhist majority. Buddhists demanded social justice and claimed that the government favored Catholics in the distribution of aid. Diem countered that the Buddhist monks were Communist sympathizers, hampering his war to destroy the Viet Cong. Several Buddhists had been killed during a May confrontation over the display of Buddhist flags during Buddha's birthday celebrations.

The events of that June day in 1963 remained fresh in Browne's memory as he recalled them in precise minute-by-minute detail, decades later.

— From *"Capturing the Ultimate Protest,"* June 2013

WILD WEST

Mystery Still Shrouds the 1876 Battle of the Rosebud



During the fighting, the reporters were scattered throughout the ranks, and they would document

the maneuvering and other events of the day. More interesting, though, is the fact that another “correspondent” submitted battle accounts to a leading newspaper. J.W. Vaughn explains in his 1956 chronicle *With Crook at the Rosebud*: “The most comprehensive description of the fighting on the left is given by an unknown officer writing in the July 13, 1876, issue of *The New York Daily Graphic*. The article, signed by ‘Z,’ is titled, ‘A thrilling Description of General Crook’s brave fight by an Officer of the Command.’”

It has been 137 years since the Battle of the Rosebud but the identity of Z remains shrouded. This “Officer” was, as Vaughn says, clearly “with the troops on the left.” In his official report of the fight, Colonel William Royall names these officers under his charge: Captain Guy Henry, Captain William Andrews, Lieutenant Henry Lemly, Lieutenant Charles Morton, Lieutenant (listed elsewhere as captain) Peter Vroom, Lieutenant Bainbridge Reynolds and Lieutenant James E.H. Foster. In addition Captain Charles Meinhold had been in the early part of the fighting. Z must have been one of these eight men.

— From “Battle of the Rosebud From A to Z,” by John Flood, August 2013

MILITARY HISTORY

How Mold Became the Soldiers’ Lifesaver



In December 1943 Prime Minister Winston Churchill was homeward bound after meetings in the Middle East. He

was 69 years old, overweight, and a drinker and smoker with a bad heart. As his transport dropped into Tunisia, he presented a nasty case of pneumonia and quickly deteriorated. Doctors were unsure if they could save the man who had once rallied the beleaguered British nation with his battle cry of “blood, toil, tears and sweat.”

Churchill agreed to lay off cigars and take his whiskey more or less watered, but he continued to see visitors and do business. What followed, despite the patient, was reportedly a triumph of modern medicine. British newspapers enshrined the new wonder drug penicillin as the prime minister’s savior, and their reports quickly grew into legend.

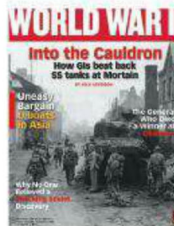
The mythmaking about penicillin was understandable. The drug was a British discovery, and had already demonstrated an almost miraculous ability to treat infections in wounded soldiers. Even as Churchill lay ill with pneumonia, one of his attending physicians published an article that predicted a “revolution in treatment” and that “sepsis [acute blood poisoning] as we know it might almost disappear” if sufficient penicillin were available.

It was a big “if.”

— From “Penicillin: Wonder Drug of World War II,” July 2013

WORLD WAR II

General Buckner Takes a Chance



For 79 days, America and Japan had been struggling for Okinawa. Now the invading Americans, victory

in sight, were readying a final push. At Okinawa’s southern tip, Tenth Army commander Lt. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner Jr. climbed to an observation post to watch his Marines eliminate enemy holdouts.

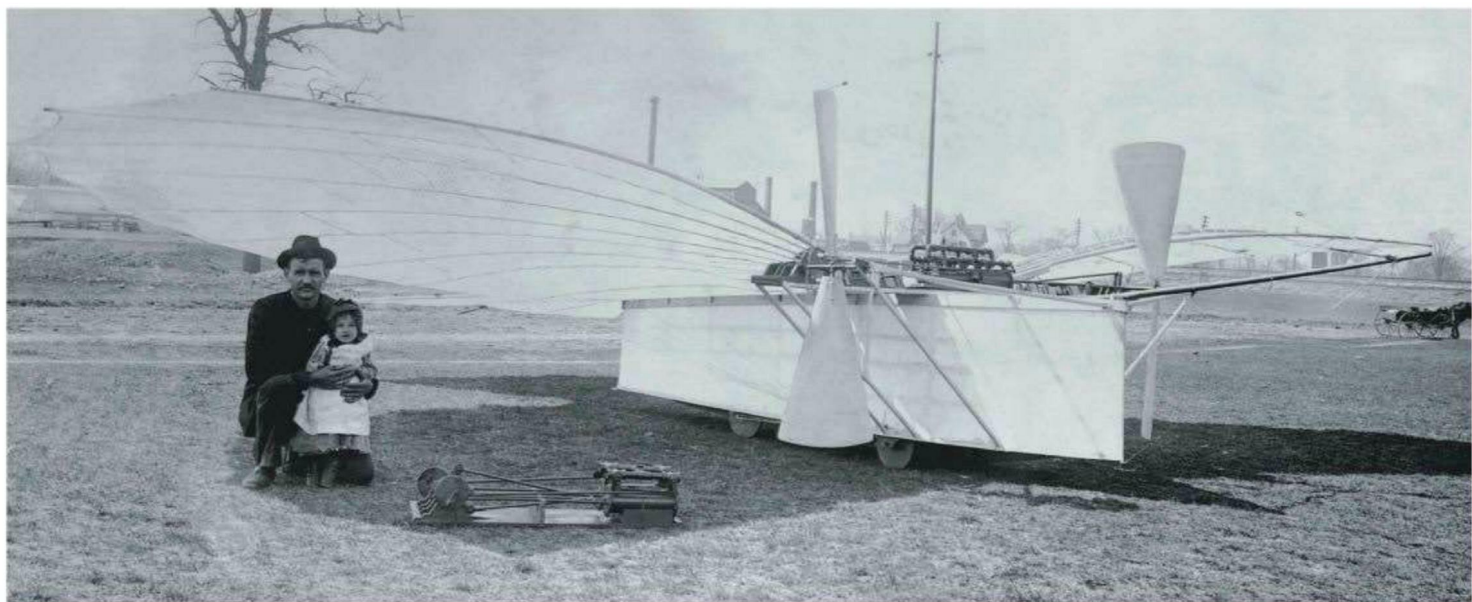
Buckner made a point of roving Okinawa, often unannounced but usually wearing a three-star helmet and traveling in a jeep flying his three-star flag. The display sometimes drew enemy fire, but Buckner thought the morale boost worth the risk. At the summit Buckner had just switched to a plain helmet when a Japanese barrage sent all hands diving for shelter behind the coral boulders that dotted the hill.

As quickly as it had struck, the enemy fire lifted. The rest of the men on the crest scrambled to their feet unhurt, but Buckner lay still. A sliver of coral had ripped his chest, and he was bleeding badly. Marines wrestled him onto a poncho and started for an aid station. The general asked if anyone else was hurt, then fell silent while his rescuers muscled him downhill.

— From “The Peacemaker,” July/August 2013



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There is renewed debate about whether Gustave Whitehead and his No. 21 plane, pictured about 1901, lifted off before the Wright brothers.

Were the Wright Brothers Really First in Flight?

THE WRIGHT BROTHERS' biplane hanging in the Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum has not fallen to the floor, but the institution may have been wobbled by news from *Jane's All the World's Aircraft*. The most authoritative publication on aircraft and flight history now believes a German émigré to the United States was the first to fly—piloting a controllable, high-wing monoplane in Bridgeport, Conn., on August 14, 1901, beating the men of Dayton by more than two years.

Claims that Gustave Whitehead flew first have been around for decades. The editor of the *Bridgeport Herald* witnessed Whitehead's flight and published a story about it, and there was supposedly a blurry photo of Whitehead's No. 21 model plane (the *Condor*) in the air. Some historians

said the photo disappeared, others that it never existed, and the German was dismissed by many as a fraud.

Now, however, part-time historian John Brown, an Australian who works for a Bavarian aircraft construction firm, has uncovered new evidence that a panoramic photo of a 1906 aeronautics exhibit in Germany may show the mysterious photo of Whitehead in flight. Experts enlarged and examined the 1906 image, and *Jane's*, along with Brown and others, concluded that it is the long-sought photo of the flying *Condor*.

In his *Jane's* editorial, Paul Jackson lists several reasons why Whitehead's feat has long been overshadowed—one being that the Wrights' design profoundly influenced the course of aviation—but concludes, "The evidence cannot be shaken off anymore, thanks to

John Brown's researching. The Wrights were right; but Whitehead was ahead."

The Smithsonian is not convinced. In a blog post on the National Air and Space Museum website (airandspace.si.edu), senior aeronautics curator Tom Crouch dismissed Brown's discovery as a "supposed photograph" of Whitehead in flight. And he labels news coverage as "questionable." He notes that while the Wright brothers kept detailed records, Whitehead's feat lacks documentation—and he failed to follow up his flight.

One point might raise questions about the Smithsonian's position: When the institution acquired the Wrights' airplane in 1948 (for \$1), it agreed to Orville Wright's stipulation that it never credit anyone else with flying a manned, powered aircraft before the Wright brothers.

National History Day Lets Students Shine

IT'S NOT OFTEN that 2,800 students gather in one spot to talk history. But that's what happens every June at the University of Maryland, where the finalists in the annual National History Day competition make their last (and best) presentations to the judges. What began as a little event at Case Western Reserve University in Cleveland in 1974 has turned into an international extracurricular extravaganza. Some 600,000 high school students from the United States and abroad produced original papers, websites, documentaries, exhibits and performances around this year's topic, Turning Points in History: People, Ideas and Events.

Students compete at the local and then state level before winners move on to the final in sundry categories.

NHD Executive Director Cathy Gorn says this history throw-down is not just a competition. "This is not a secondary-school version of *Jeopardy*, memorizing names and dates," she says. "It's about students doing critical thinking and original research and coming up with coherent and lively presentations. Students must learn to think analytically about material, to draw conclusions, to write and present information in creative ways." And, she adds, teachers are seeing the benefits. "National History Day is a way to fill the gap that we see in school curriculums, where history is taking a back seat to STEM [science, technology, engineering and math] classes. That education is vital to our future...but so is history."

—Richard Ernsberger Jr.



President Obama shows his support for Cathy Gorn and History Day participants in 2012.

Briefs

■ Free at Last: Mississippi Ratifies

Mississippi recently ratified the 13th Amendment to the Constitution, which bans slavery, 147 years after it became law. Although both legislative chambers in the state approved the amendment in 1995, it had not been made official with the Office of the Federal Register. The next-to-last holdout, Kentucky, ratified the amendment in 1976.

■ Preserving "The Farm With the Arm"

The Central Virginia Battlefields Trust has bought 81 acres near Chancellorsville, Va., including the site where Confederate General Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson's left arm was amputated on May 3, 1863, after he was hit by friendly fire. (Jackson died seven days later of complications from pneumonia.) Jackson buffs refer to the tract as "the farm with the arm."

■ A Civil War Ring

Union soldier Levi Schlegel of Reading, Pa., apparently lost his ring in 1865 while marching to Washington after the Battle of Appomattox Court House. A relic hunter found the ring in Fredericksburg, Va., inscribed with Schlegel's name and his unit, then tracked down a sixth cousin, four times removed, in Reading. "To know what this guy went through and to know that ring was in every march with him...it's just chilling," cousin Ernie Schlegel told the *Reading Eagle*.

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Gazette

By the Numbers

1 president, Grover Cleveland, served as public executioner, overseeing capital punishment while sheriff of Erie County, N.Y., from 1871 to 1873

1 walking stick, made from a crab tree, was left to George Washington in the will of Benjamin Franklin

2 presidents are buried at Arlington National Cemetery: William Howard Taft and John F. Kennedy

2 men have appeared on four winning presidential tickets: Franklin D. Roosevelt and Richard Nixon

3 coded words—"It's a boy"—in a 1952 telegram sent by physicist Edward Teller told faraway colleagues of the first successful hydrogen bomb test

6 cents in damages were awarded to former president Theodore Roosevelt in 1913 after a Michigan newspaper falsely accused him of "getting drunk...and not that infrequently"

525 million, in 2010 dollars, was the peak net worth of George Washington, according to 247wallst.com, making him the wealthiest U.S. president

After 143 Years, Friends Again

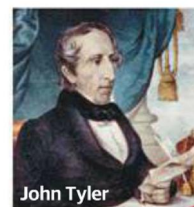
THE GUN that started a feud in 1870 between the Barber and Mizell families in Orange County, Fla., has helped to end it. The double-barrel shotgun that killed county sheriff David Mizell, spurring the murders of several Barbers, was donated to the Orange County Regional History Center, with members of both clans present.



Feuding no more: Susan Arline Williams (center, a Barber descendant) and John Mizell with Regional History Center director Sara Van Arsdel (left) in February.

Lexicon

His Accidency (noun)—A nickname for John Tyler, who became the first vice president to assume the top job, "accidentally" in 1841, after William Henry Harrison died from pneumonia on his 32nd day in office. Although Tyler ran as part of the Whig ticket in 1840, his opposition to federalism alienated most of the party. Several Whigs resigned from his Cabinet in the fall of 1841, and House Whigs started impeachment proceedings the following year, which were first tabled and then rejected.



“Prevent the American people from crossing the Rocky Mountains? You might as well command Niagara not to flow. We must fulfill our destiny”

— James Buchanan, 1837

Cather's Life, Unveiled

WILLA CATHER'S very private life is going to become more public. Cather is acclaimed for her novels, including *O Pioneers!* and *My Antonia*, but the writer insisted that no one publish her letters or adapt her stories for movies after her death. (She died in 1947.) That request was respected until the 2011 death of her nephew Charles Cather, after which Cather's copyrights passed to the Willa Cather Trust and a foundation, and the bans on film rights and correspondence publication were lifted. In April, Alfred A. Knopf published *The Selected Letters of Willa Cather*, which collects 566 of her roughly 3,000 surviving letters. The book's editors, Andrew Jewell and Janis Stout, told the *New York Times* that the “lively, illuminating letters” will reveal Cather as “a complicated, funny, brilliant, flinty, sensitive, sometimes confounding human being.”



Cather, here in 1936, wrote about strong, unconventional women in many of her books.

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The Nobel Medal for medicine awarded to **Francis Crick** in 1962 was sold by his heirs in April in New York. Crick, **James Watson** and **Maurice Wilkins** won the prize for their **discovery of DNA**. The reverse of the 23-carat gold medal features the inscription "Inventions enhance life, which is beautified through art" in Latin. Proceeds from the sale will go to the Francis Crick Institute, a biomedical research center opening in London in 2015.



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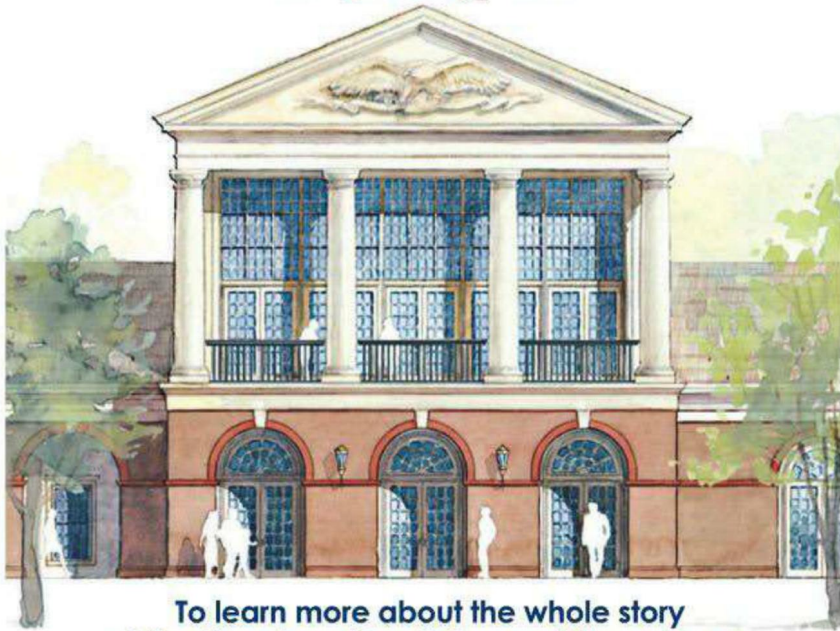
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Gazette

Briefs

■ Rifle Bill Misfire

The Winchester Model 1873 may have been “the gun that won the west,” but it will not become the state rifle of Montana. After American Indian legislators argued that the state shouldn’t honor a weapon that brought “devastation” to their ancestors, the Montana House voted down the idea.

■ Tubman Honored

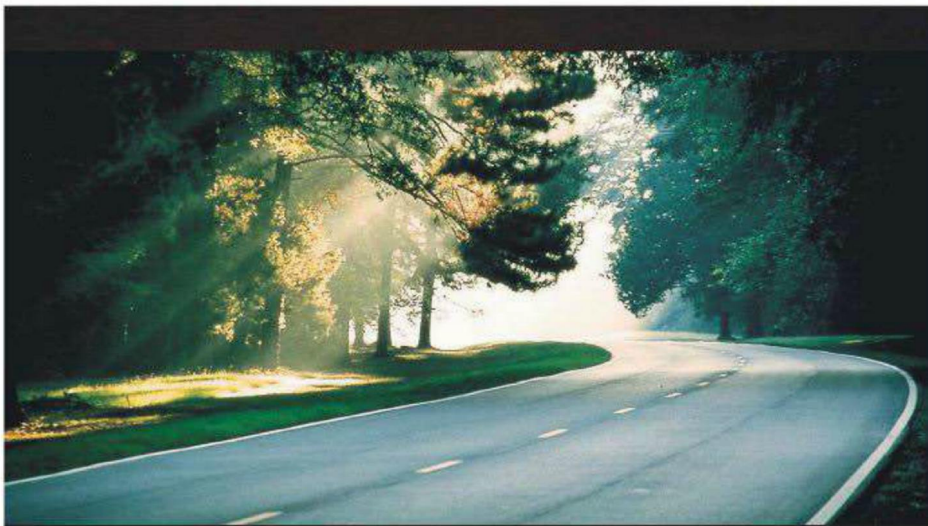
Harriet Tubman, famous for leading slaves on the Underground Railroad, has been honored with a National Monument in Maryland. Four other sites have received the same designation: Charles Young Buffalo Soldiers National Monument in Ohio, First State National Monument in Delaware, Rio Grande del Norte National Monument in New Mexico and San Juan Islands National Monument in Washington state.

■ Pacific Smoke

A new study from the University of California, Davis, has found that American Indian hunter-gatherers living in the Pacific Northwest more than a thousand years ago smoked tobacco. Until now it was theorized that tobacco had been introduced much later by European traders.

■ Digital History

Accounts of life on the battleship USS *North Carolina* can be found at seastories.battleshipnc.com.



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the Days of Gettysburg 150 Collection



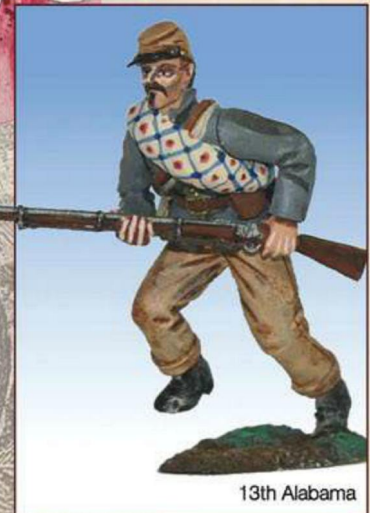
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Generals Buford, Hood, Armistead and Reynolds; the Texas and Iron Brigades; the 146th New York zouaves and the 9th Louisiana Tigers; the 1st Minnesota and the Band of Brothers of the 1st Maryland; Archer's Brigade during Pickett's charge and the 20th Massachusetts, these are only some of the iconic regiments and personalities featured in *The Days of Gettysburg Collection*.

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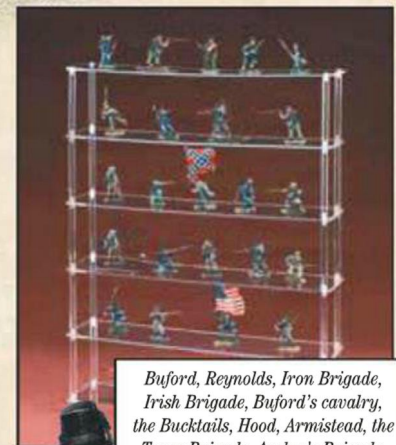
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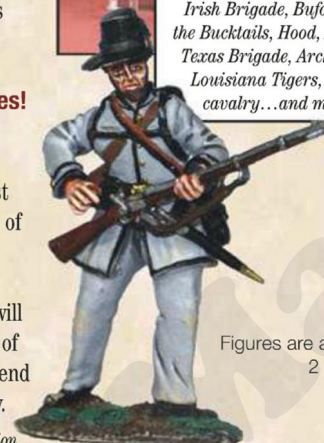
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Whaler "Looks Strong Again"

AFTER FIVE YEARS of work costing \$7 million, the Mystic Seaport maritime museum in Connecticut has restored America's last wooden whaling ship. But it was no easy task. The 113-foot long *Charles W. Morgan*, built in 1841, needed a lot of work—and a lot of wood. And finding authentic, protected live oak and longleaf pine took some creativity. Mystic Seaport salvaged trees damaged in the hurricanes Katrina, Ivan and Ike, and pulled timbers from the bottom of Boston Harbor. It also obtained wrought iron from old tiger cages at the Memphis Zoo. Mystic shipyard craftsmen detailed the *Morgan*'s

Ninety years after its last whaling voyage, in 1921, the *Charles W. Morgan* underwent painstaking restoration.



components as they took the ship apart, and then they rebuilt it using 19th-century woodworking techniques. Shipyard director Quentin Snediker described the restored whaler, a National Historic Landmark, as being "like a collective sculpture, with all these craftsmen coming together to create one form." He added: "It's very rewarding work to see the ship look strong again."



Shipwright John Day installs a 500-pound hanging knee made of live oak in the hold.



Above: The turquoise and leather Crow Mother mask with eagle feathers dates to 1880. Right: Leather, wood, duck feathers, buffalo skin and natural pigments were used for this Hummingbird katsina, circa 1890.



Hopi Sacred Artifacts Sold

AMERICA'S roughly 20,000 Hopi people, who live mostly in northeastern Arizona, are outraged by the auction of sacred katsinam headdresses and masks in Paris. Larger than related katsina dolls that Hopi sell to outsiders, katsinam are considered sacred objects that embody spiritual messengers and augur steady rain, bountiful harvests and the fertility of women. The Hopi tried to recover 70 katsinam obtained by the French auction house N  ret-Minet Tessier & Sarrou, but the sale went ahead on April 12 despite protests inside and outside the auction hall. Sixty-five katsinam were sold for a total of \$1.2 million. One of them, called Crow Mother, sold for \$209,000. "Heartbreaking" was how Bo Lomahquahu, a Hopi exchange student and protester, described the auction. "The [masks] are truly sacred to us," he told the website Indian Country Today. "To see people walking out with them in bags, like some object...I felt really helpless."

How to Outsmart a Millionaire

Only the "Robin Hood of Watchmakers" can steal the spotlight from a luxury legend for under \$200!

I wasn't looking for trouble. I sat in a café, sipping my espresso and enjoying the quiet. Then it got noisy. Mr. Bigshot rolled up in a roaring high-performance Italian sports car, dropping attitude like his \$14,000 watch made it okay for him to be rude. That's when I decided to roll up my sleeves and teach him a lesson.

"Nice watch," I said, pointing to his and holding up mine. He nodded like we belonged to the same club. We did, but he literally paid 100 times more for his membership. Bigshot bragged about his five-figure purchase, a luxury heavyweight from the titan of high-priced timepieces. I told him that mine was the *Stauer Corso*, a 27-jewel automatic classic now available for **only \$179**. And just like that, the man was at a loss for words.

Think of Stauer as the "Robin Hood of Watchmakers." We believe everyone deserves a watch of uncompromising precision, impressive performance and the most elegant styling. You deserve a watch that can hold its own against the luxury classics for a fraction of the price. You'll feel the quality as soon as you put it on your wrist. This is an expertly-crafted time machine... not a cry for attention.

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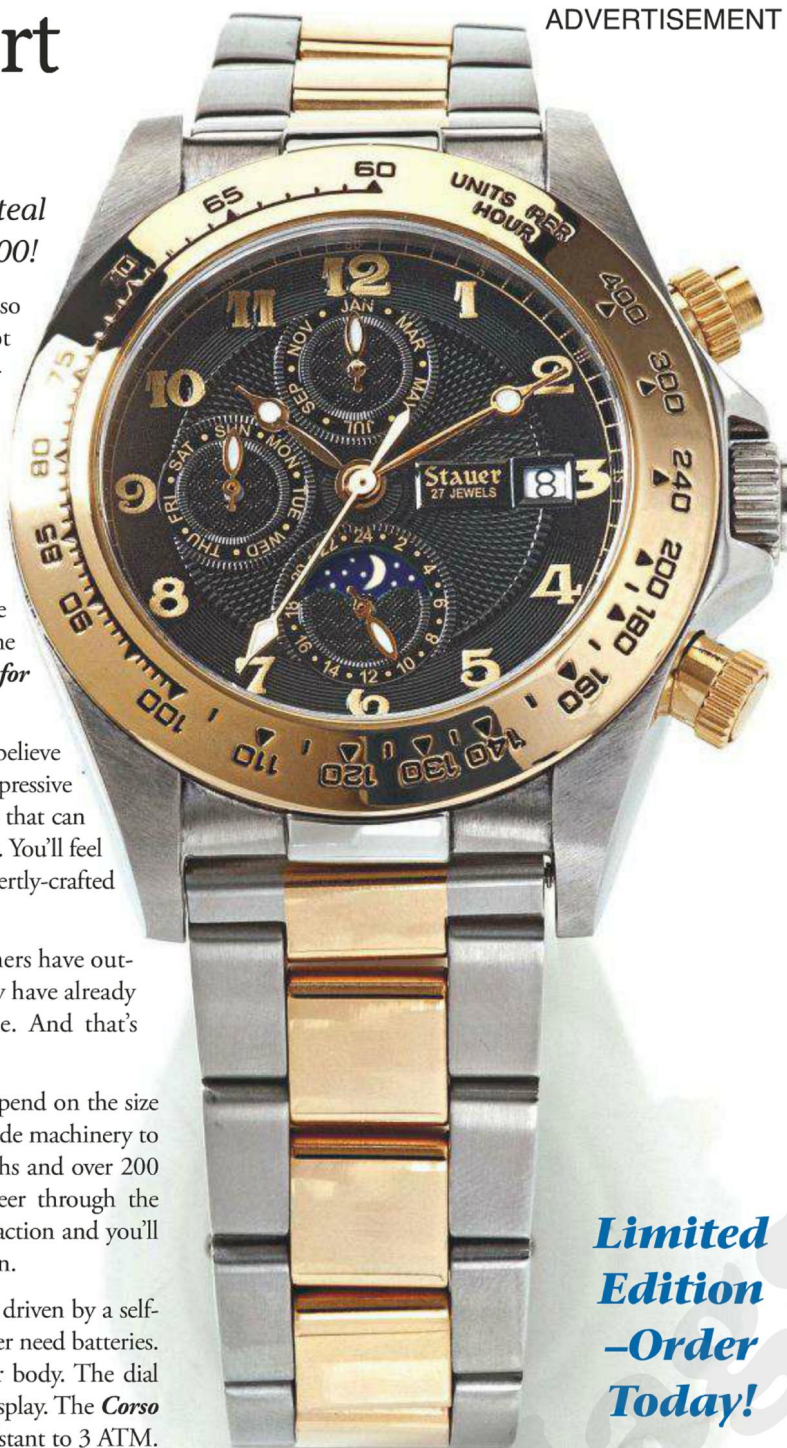


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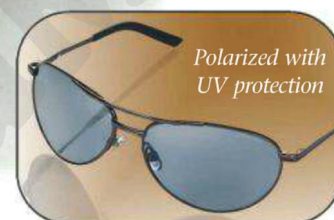
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Civil War Trail in Greene County, TN

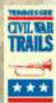


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Gazette



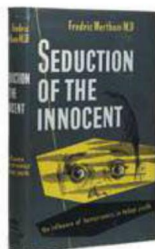
The Oregon State Insane Asylum opened in 1883.

State Asylum Turned Museum

THE OSCAR-WINNING 1975 movie *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* was filmed at the Oregon State Hospital in Salem. Most of the 130-year-old psychiatric facility was torn down recently, but part of it was preserved as the Oregon Museum of Mental Health. The exhibition area contains the wall-mounted TV that

figured in a key scene in the movie along with old records, restraints and an electroshock machine. Alice Patton, president of the museum's board of directors, says, "We try to tell the story [of psychiatric treatment] in a balanced way, and always emphasize that people did the best they could at the time."

Comic Books, Kids and Controversy



VIOLENT VIDEO GAMES have been cited for fostering uncivilized behavior, but in the 1940s and 1950s some experts believed lurid comic books

were a problem. Chief among the critics was psychiatrist Fredric Wertham, who claimed in his 1954 book *Seduction of the Innocent* that certain comic books turned young readers into delinquents. The charges sparked a U.S. Senate hearing and an anti-comic book movement—and comic book publishers capitulated, creating the Comics Code Authority to censor their products. Now a study of Wertham's newly accessible papers, written by University of Illinois professor Carol Tilley and published in *Information and Culture: A Journal of History*, casts doubt on

many of Wertham's assertions. Tilley found that Wertham manipulated, distorted and fabricated evidence, including findings attributed to clinical studies with young people. "Wertham's deception angers me," says Tilley. "I couldn't say in a scholarly journal that it [infuriates] me, but it does."



Horror and crime comics were thought to contribute to juvenile delinquency.

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50 Years later the 1964 Silver Proof Set still shines bright

On November 25, 1963, just three days after the tragedy in Dallas, the U.S. Mint began work on the 90% Silver Kennedy Half Dollar. It would prove to be one of the most popular half dollar designs in our nation's history. Not surprisingly, when Americans discovered that the brand new Kennedy Half Dollar was the centerpiece of the 1964 U.S. Silver Proof Set, demand immediately soared through the roof!

By January 11th, 1964, the Mint was forced to halt orders for the 1964 Silver Proof Set, and eventually had to reduce the original maximum order of 100 Proof Sets down to just 2 sets per buyer in the face of such staggering demand. Finally, on March 12, even the limit of 2 sets was halted because the Mint received orders for 200,000 Proof Sets in just two days!

Fifty years later, the 1964 Silver Proof Set is still in great demand.

Why? Because this set is chock full of "Firsts," "Lasts" and "Onlys":

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- ✓ The **LAST** year the Roosevelt Dime, Washington Quarter and Kennedy Half Dollar were struck in 90% silver for regular production
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- ✓ The **ONLY** Kennedy Half Dollar Proof struck at the Philadelphia Mint

As we approach the 50th Anniversary of JFK's 1963 assassination this year, the 1964 U.S. Silver Proof Set is back into the spotlight again. Each set contains the 1964 Lincoln Cent and Jefferson

Nickel, along with three 90% Silver coins: the Silver Roosevelt Dime, Silver Washington Quarter, and the 1964 Silver Kennedy Half Dollar—the only 90% Kennedy Half Dollar ever struck for regular production.

Saved from destruction—but how many sets survived?

Collectors know that the key is to find those sets still preserved in the original U.S. Mint "flat pack" just as issued. And over the past 50 years, that has become more and more difficult! Since this set was issued, silver prices have risen from \$1.29 per ounce to over \$48 per ounce at the silver market's high mark. During that climb, it is impossible to determine how many of these 1964 Proof Sets have been melted for their precious silver content. The packaging on thousands of other sets has been cut apart to remove the silver coins—so there is no way to know for certain how many 1964 U.S. Proof Sets have survived to this day.

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The First

Guide Dog

By Christine M. Kreiser

In 1914, at the age of 6, Morris Frank was blinded in his right eye in a horse-riding accident. Ten years later, a boxing match cost him the sight in his left eye. Frustrated at having to rely on others to get around his hometown of Nashville, Tenn., Frank was excited to learn in 1927 of a program in Switzerland that trained German shepherds to assist the blind. The following April, the 20-year-old Vanderbilt University student booked passage to Europe and traveled alone across the ocean to meet the dog that offered what Frank described as “the divine gift of freedom.” After five weeks of intensive training, Frank returned home with his new companion, Buddy, and the pair traveled widely, demonstrating how a well-trained dog could help a blind person navigate even unfamiliar surroundings safely and with confidence. Their success inspired Frank and Dorothy Eustis, the American woman who ran the Swiss program, to launch the Seeing Eye, the first guide-dog training school in the United States, in 1929. Today, some 250 dogs—mostly German shepherds, Labrador retrievers and golden retrievers—complete training at the Seeing Eye in Morristown, N.J., every year.

Frank and Buddy land in New York in 1928. Frank credited his guide dog with “linking me to life.”



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Working for a Living

The U.S. Navy's Marine Mammal Program trains dolphins to detect underwater mines.

Western ranchers use guard llamas to protect their sheep herds. Llamas are naturally aggressive toward coyotes and dogs, the top predators of sheep.

Sheep trimmed the lawn—and groundskeeping costs—at the White House during World War I. Wool auctions benefited the Red Cross.



The U.S. Army Signal Corps deployed 36,000 pigeons overseas to carry messages during World War II.



We've Been
Here Before

Executive Limits

By Richard Brookhiser

Who's watching the president when it comes to extraordinary war powers?

"In the conduct of war," wrote Alexander Hamilton in the *Federalist Papers*, No. 70, "the energy of the executive is the bulwark of the national security." But can the energy of the executive also be the enemy of liberty?

Senator Rand Paul (R-Ky.) apparently thinks so, and on March 6 he launched an old-fashioned filibuster to make the point. "I will speak as long as it takes, until the alarm is sounded from coast to coast," Paul said. What had alarmed Paul was the Obama administration's policy on drone strikes in the war on terror. Attorney General Eric Holder had written Paul that although ordinary law enforcement offered "the best means" for foiling terrorist threats, the president could in an "extraordinary circumstance" authorize the military to use lethal force, including drones, "within the territory of the United States."

That sounded too open-ended to Paul, and he launched his talk-a-thon. "No American," he said, "should be killed by a drone on American soil without first being charged with a crime" and "found to be guilty by a court."

Paul's underlying concern—a commander in chief who arrogates too much power—has bothered other congressmen during past American wars. One of the sharpest clashes over executive-military overreach happened during the Civil War, pitting prominent Democrats against Abraham Lincoln.

Because the Civil War was a rebellion, Lincoln exercised a power beyond that of ordinary war-making: the right to suspend the writ of habeas corpus. Article 1, Section 9 of the Constitution allows habeas corpus to be dispensed with during rebellions and invasions, and alleged rebels can be arrested and tried by military tribunals. Lincoln first suspended habeas corpus two weeks after the attack on Fort Sumter to discourage sabotage on the crucial railroad line connecting Washington, D.C., and Philadelphia. In September 1862, he suspended it nationwide, chiefly to allow the Union Army to arrest anyone interfering with recruitment.

Military trials could be officious and

capricious, and Democrats successfully made an issue of them in the elections of 1862, picking up almost 30 seats in the House of Representatives, including Lincoln's own district in Illinois. The Emancipation Proclamation, which went into effect on January 1, 1863, and a conscription act, which Lincoln signed in March, raised additional complaints about his war policies.

Clement Vallandigham, a former Democratic congressman from Ohio who had opposed the war from day one, brought public dissatisfaction to a head. On May 1 he gave a speech that called the war "wicked, cruel and unnecessary." It was being fought "for the freedom of the blacks and the enslavement of the whites," and would create "a monarchy upon the ruins of our free government." For good measure, he called the president "King Lincoln." General Ambrose Burnside had him arrested, and a military commission found him guilty of "weakening the power of the Government in its efforts to suppress an unlawful rebellion." He was sentenced to military prison for the duration of the war.

Vallandigham's ordeal transformed him into a martyr: Ohio Democrats wanted to run him for governor. Protest meetings were held in New York and New Jersey, with the approval of the states' Democratic governors. Even some in Lincoln's Cabinet thought Burnside had gone too far: Secretary of the Navy Gideon Welles wrote in his diary that Vallandigham's arrest had been "an error." On May 19 Lincoln, combining mercy with a touch of malicious humor, ordered Vallandigham exiled to the Confederacy, instead of being jailed. But he realized that he also needed to make some public statement.

He was given his opportunity by Erastus Corning, another Democratic politician. Corning, president of the New York Central



■ ■ As a boy I read about Strom Thurmond's filibuster against the 1957 Civil Rights Act, which lasted 24 hours—11 more than Rand Paul's, and still the record ■ ■

—Richard Brookhiser

The unmanned MQ-9 Reaper has been used in Afghanistan in a "hunter/killer role" according to the U.S. Air Force.



Railroad and a congressman from upstate New York, sent Lincoln a set of resolutions adopted by a meeting of Albany Democrats. They declared their support of the Union and the war, but called Vallandigham's arrest a "blow" to the Constitution, citing specifically the Fifth and Sixth Amendment guarantees of grand jury indictments and speedy and public jury trials. Lincoln, an old trial lawyer with a taste for constitutional reasoning, prepared a long and careful response, which he mailed on June 12 to Corning and to the *New York Tribune*, the nation's leading Republican newspaper.

Lincoln praised the Albany Democrats for their patriotism in order to drive a wedge between them and Vallandigham. He dismissed their constitutional objections as irrelevant. Legal safeguards applied to "ordinary" crimes committed by "individuals" or "a few individuals acting in concert." Now, however, the country was faced with "a clear, flagrant and gigantic case of rebellion." The Constitution had foreseen such contingencies and provided for them in Article 1, Section 9.

Lincoln then turned to Vallandigham, and cast the Ohioan's antiwar speech as blatant propaganda. No one would want to fight for white enslavement and King Lincoln. Therefore, Lincoln wrote, Vallandigham was trying "to prevent the raising of troops." If he succeeded, how could the rebellion be suppressed? Lincoln hammered home the point with pathos. "Must I shoot a simple-minded soldier boy who deserts, while I must not touch a hair of a wily agitator who induces him to desert?"

Lincoln concluded his letter with humor, comparing rebellion to sickness and military tribunals to medicine. There was no need to worry that the remedy would outlast the disease. Would anyone "contract so strong an appetite for emetics during temporary illness as to persist in feeding upon them during the remainder of his healthful life?"

Lincoln had made his critics seem simultaneously well-intentioned, giggling

and foolish. The letter, reissued as a pamphlet, sold 500,000 copies, and solidified support for the administration. Vallandigham's failed run for the governorship showed how opinion had shifted. After being exiled to Richmond, he went to Bermuda, then Windsor, Ontario, just over the border from Detroit, where he ran his campaign. In the fall of 1863 a pro-Union Democrat crushed him.

But Vallandigham's and Corning's efforts had not been entirely in vain. They caused Lincoln to explain what the Army was doing, based on the Constitution, and to put a time limit on its actions—the duration of the war.

Rand Paul's filibuster also got results, if not such dramatic ones. With the help of time-consuming questions from his colleagues, he spoke for almost 13 hours. With the far more important help of Twitter and YouTube, he became a social media sensation. The day after his oral marathon, Attorney General Holder sent him a two-line letter: "Does the president have the authority to use a weaponized drone to kill an American not engaged in combat on American soil? The answer is no." Paul said he was "quite happy" with the response.

Lincoln, Vallandigham and Corning struggled over policies that were actually in place. Holder and Paul tussled over a hypothetical situation (though one suggested by realities: American drones have killed dozens of terrorists abroad, including several who were American citizens). In both the Civil War and the terror war, hostile politicians forced the administration to be more specific about what it was doing and why.

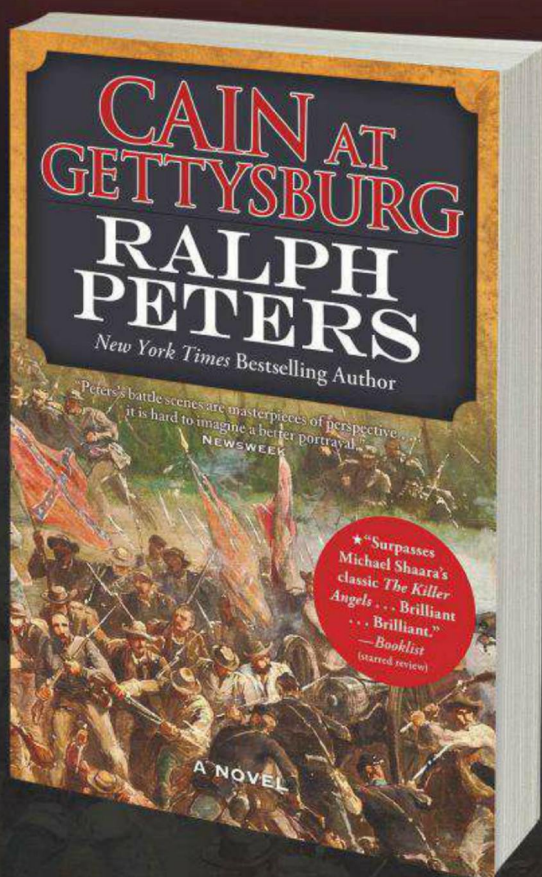
In both wars, however, once the controversies died down the president remained commander in chief, with enormous powers. Lincoln would wield his for almost two more years after his letter to Corning. Two presidents have been waging the war on terror for more than 12 years. Congress and partisan rivals can block and check an energetic wartime executive, but it is very hard to rein him in. ■



"Whatever pleases the President, that is law!" declared Democrat Clement Vallandigham in an 1863 speech that charged the Lincoln administration with "outrages upon public liberty and private right."

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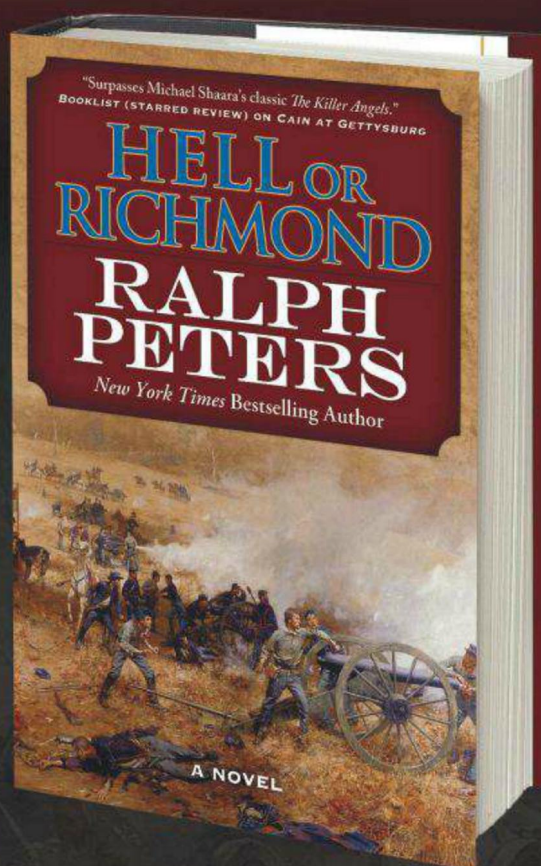
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Civil War Footlocker

By Sarah Cokeley

This curious box, stuffed with Civil War and postwar mementos, was stowed in a New-York Historical Society warehouse for 22 years. A faded inscription on the lid, “Col. W.H. Paine,” is the only clue to its original owner. Lt. Col. William Paine, as it turns out, was a self-taught engineer and Union veteran. He began his career in 1861, surveying Virginia bridges destroyed by Rebels. Paine quickly moved up in rank after President Lincoln personally

promoted him, and in 1863, he followed General George Meade to Gettysburg, writing in his diary, “It was the most fearfully magnificent scene imaginable.” At war’s end, Paine moved to New York and continued his remarkable career. He received 15 patents, one a design perfecting the steel-coiled tape measure. Paine also gained recognition for a number of railroad and bridge projects, most notably as construction engineer for the Brooklyn Bridge.

Soldier's Baggage

Lt. Col. Paine's military footlocker measures 10 ¾ x 21 ½ x 15 ¼ inches, and features two built-in trays for gear. Wooden footlockers rarely survived war, as they tended to split and rot.

Military Outfit

A sword belt with buckles was standard issue for Union officers. The epaulet dates back to the War of 1812, and is possibly a family heirloom.

War Essentials

Personal items, including a brown billfold, two change purses and a shaving kit were toted from one battlefield to the next. Paine's officer status allowed him more luxury than a private.

Measuring Merit

In 1865, Paine's new design for a tape measure won this medal in an American Institute contest.

Battlefield Souvenir

This single round grapeshot is likely from the Battle of Gettysburg. Paine witnessed Pickett's Charge on July 3, 1863, noting “the ground was literally strowed with dead and wounded rebels.”

Engineering Wonder

A silk cloth advertises for Roebling's Sons Co., the firm that constructed the Brooklyn Bridge.

Career Highlights

Paine's steel-coiled tape measure, patented in 1860, is the precursor to today's retractable tape measure.



Ernest Hemingway Toasts J.D. Salinger

By Peter Carlson

Ernest Hemingway was roaring drunk when he suffered his war wound. It was May 25, 1944, and America's most famous novelist was in London, preparing to cover the invasion of France for *Collier's* magazine and cheating on his third wife, Martha Gellhorn, with his future fourth wife, Mary Welsh. That night, Hemingway got plastered at a party thrown by photographer Robert Capa and hitched a ride with another drunken reveler, who promptly crashed his car into a water tower. Hemingway's head smashed the windshield, cutting a deep gash into his scalp that required 57 stitches.

Two weeks later, Hemingway, 44, was out of the hospital and standing aboard a landing craft off the coast of Normandy, staring through binoculars, watching American soldiers invade Omaha Beach. "On the beach on the left where there was no sheltering overhang," he wrote, "the first, second, third, fourth and fifth waves lay where they had fallen, looking like so many heavily laden bundles on the flat pebbly stretch between the sea and first cover."

While Hemingway watched the battle—reporters weren't allowed to go ashore that day—another American writer, Sergeant Jerome David Salinger, scrambled through the water to Normandy's Utah Beach carrying a rifle and his portable typewriter. Salinger, 25, had sold stories to magazines before the war, and he wrote several more while overseas, including some featuring an alienated youth named

Holden Caulfield, who would later become the narrator of J.D. Salinger's classic 1951 novel, *The Catcher in the Rye*.

In Normandy, Salinger's regiment—part of the U.S. Army's 4th Infantry Division—fought the Germans for the tiny town of Emondeville, encountering fierce artillery and mortar fire. They took the town but lost 300 men. Then they joined the bloody fight for the city of Cherbourg. By the end of June, nearly two-thirds of the

**Salinger was
thrilled to hear
Hemingway's
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praise on the day
Paris celebrated
its liberation**

3,000 men in Salinger's regiment had been killed or wounded.

Hemingway caught up to the 4th Infantry Division as it fought its way toward Paris. General Raymond Barton gave the novelist a captured German motorcycle with a sidecar and assigned a driver to chauffeur him around. Hemingway stuffed the sidecar with machine guns, hand grenades and bottles of whiskey, and rode off, looking for action. One August day, he found it. An exploding shell knocked him out of the sidecar and he sprawled in a ditch while German soldiers fired at him. Capa, photographing the push from Normandy, witnessed

the accident, hoping he wouldn't have to take pictures of his famous friend's corpse.

"Tracer bullets were hitting the dirt just above his head," Capa later wrote. "For two hours, he was pinned down until the Germans found a more pressing target." Hemingway walked away unscathed.

In late August, the Americans paused to give the French army the honor of liberating Paris. On the 25th—the day the German occupiers surrendered to the French—Hemingway sneaked into the city with a ragtag band of French resistance fighters and decided to personally liberate the legendary Ritz Hotel. Arriving at the hotel with his entourage, he quickly searched the building. Finding no Germans, he repaired to the bar and began drinking champagne. He stayed there for several days, drinking and holding court.

Outside the Ritz, Paris exploded in celebration. Crowds filled the streets, swigging wine, hugging strangers and kissing American soldiers as they arrived on tanks and jeeps. Among the soldiers was Sergeant Salinger, who was fluent in French and German and was therefore assigned the job of interrogating German soldiers and French collaborators.

Salinger drove a jeep through the jubilant crowds, accompanied by an American soldier and a collaborator they'd captured. Women kissed Salinger and men handed him bottles of wine. But when the revelers realized that the

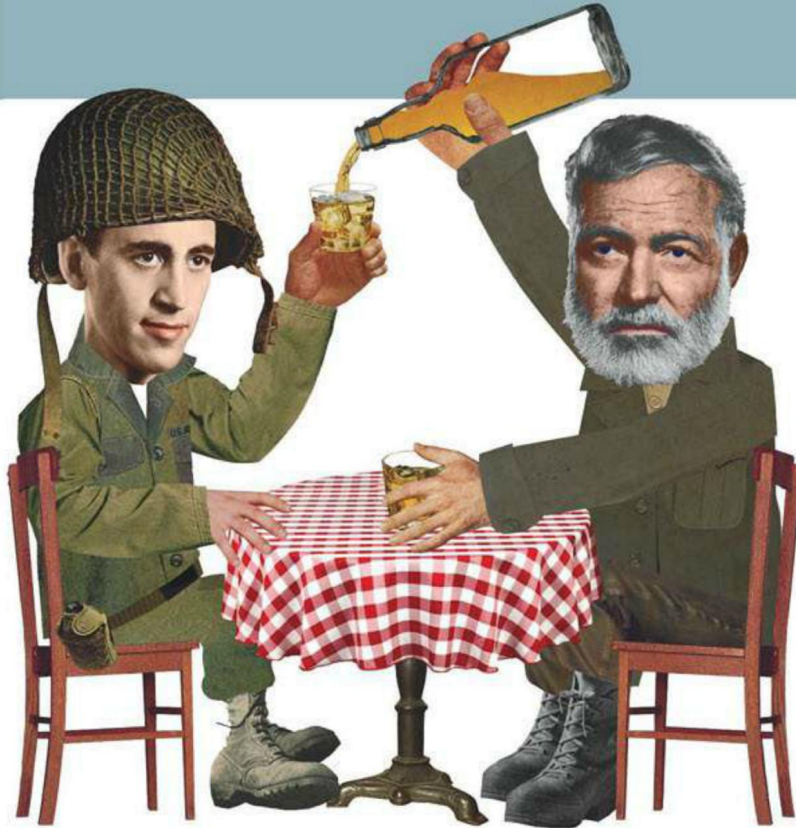
Frenchman in the jeep was a collaborator; they yanked him into the street and beat him to death while Salinger watched in horror.

Somehow, Salinger learned that Hemingway was ensconced in the Ritz bar, and he drove there to meet the famous novelist. Slightly soused, Hemingway greeted Salinger warmly, saying that he'd read his stories in *Esquire*. He asked the sergeant if he'd brought along any new stories. Salinger pulled out a recent copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* and flipped to his story "The Last Day of the Last Furlough." While Salinger sipped a drink, Hemingway read the story. When he finished, he said he was impressed and offered to write letters touting Salinger's talent.

"You have a marvelous ear," he later wrote to Salinger, "and you write tenderly and lovingly without getting wet."

Needless to say, Salinger was thrilled to meet Hemingway and hear his words of high praise on the day Paris celebrated its liberation. In an ecstatic letter to Whit Burnett, the editor of *Story* magazine, Salinger reported that the two men had discussed literature—they both admired William Faulkner—and that Hemingway was far more sensitive and generous than his hard-boiled, macho reputation suggested.

After their encounter, Salinger went back to war while Hemingway remained at the Ritz, drinking and entertaining Mary Welsh, his new girlfriend, who had arrived from London to cover the liberation of Paris for *Time* magazine.



"I want to marry you," Hemingway told Welsh, who reminded him that they barely knew each other and that they were, in fact, both married to other people. Hemingway did not seem overly perturbed at those minor inconveniences. (Indeed, the two married in 1946.)

After leaving Paris, Salinger marched into Germany, fighting in the long, cold, bloody battle of Hürtgen Forest, where the U.S. Army suffered more than 30,000 casualties, with many of the dead lying frozen in the snow-covered woods. During a lull in the fighting, Salinger learned that Hemingway had arrived to chronicle the battle.

"Let's go and look up Hemingway," Salinger suggested to his friend Werner Kleeman, another Army translator.

The two men walked to a small brick house that served as a headquarters for reporters. "There was Hemingway, stretched out on a couch," Kleeman later wrote. "A visor on his forehead, he was busy writing on a yellow pad."

Salinger and Hemingway drank champagne out of aluminum cups and discussed literature for a

couple of hours. Then Salinger traipsed back to his foxhole. They never met again.

In December 1944, Salinger fought in the Battle of the Bulge—another long, brutal battle in the snow. In the spring of 1945, as the war in Europe ended, he witnessed the liberation of concentration camps in Germany. War-weary and depressed—and possibly suffering from what is now called post-traumatic stress disorder—he voluntarily checked into a mental hospital in Nuremberg that summer.

"Nothing was wrong with me except that I've been in an almost constant state of despondency and I thought it would be good to talk to somebody sane," he wrote in a letter to Hemingway from the hospital.

The letter was jovial, full of jokes about literature and Army life, but Salinger's cheerfulness masked a deep wound. He'd been scarred, permanently, by the horrors he'd witnessed on battlefields and in concentration camps.

"You never get the smell of burning flesh out of your nose entirely," he told his daughter years later, "no matter how long you live." ■

Roger Daniels, immigration historian

By Richard Ernsberger Jr.

Q:

Why are Americans so torn about immigration?

*Roger Daniels, a professor emeritus of history at the University of Cincinnati, has witnessed more than a few attempts by Congress and the president to reform immigration policy. He has written a half-dozen books on the topic, including *Guarding the Golden Door*. This fall University Press of Kansas will publish his latest book, *The Japanese American Cases: The Rule of Law in Wartime*.*

Americans are hostile to immigrants, according to polls. Is the idea of immigration misunderstood?

If you ask people about their heritage, they're proud of it and they're interested in immigration. The Immigration Museum at Ellis Island, for instance, gets tremendous attention and respect. But it has to be immigration in the past—or it depends on the type of people you are talking about. People have a very high opinion of high-tech immigrants from Asia, and they want them to come. Mexicans? Well, that's something else again.

Haven't immigrants always brought the United States more prosperity?

I think immigrants have been indispensable. It's the old formula for economic growth, "land, labor and capital." Well, they provided a little of the capital but a lot of the labor, and the land was here already.

When did the United States start restricting immigration?

There was no significant immigration legislation for almost the first century of U.S. history. Then in 1849 in the so-called passenger cases the Supreme Court ruled that immigration was "commerce" and thus subject to exclusive regulation by the federal government. It's only after the 1840s that you begin to get anti-immigrant feelings. The Civil War made it clear that the real danger to the republic came not from the immigrants but from the slaveholders. During the Civil War, we needed immigrants for the Army, and they were recruited right off the boat.

The early restrictions were focused on certain groups, right?

Yes. For a long time, much of our legislation was not aimed at stopping general immigration but at cutting off particular segments. The 1882 Chinese Exclusion Law was the hinge upon which American immigration law changed. Emma Lazarus' "golden door" began to swing closed, starting an era of steadily increasing restrictions that

“Terence Powderly, who was the second commissioner of the immigration service, once said that Brits, Germans and Scandinavians made the best Americans”

—Roger Daniels



lasted until 1943, when the Chinese exclusion laws were repealed.

Was it naked racism?

The opposition certainly had racist characteristics, but the job argument was also important. Trade unions tended to oppose Chinese and most other immigration.

Weren't there other worries?

One of the great fights in the late 19th and early 20th century was over literacy. Congress didn't want illiterates to come in. The sticking point was, "What does 'illiterate' mean?"

Didn't the Chinese resist the exclusion law?

The Chinese Six Companies, powerful San Francisco merchants, got money for every Chinese they supplied to the railroads. They hired the first immigration lawyers. The foundation of U.S. immigration law arose out of the struggle among immigrants, government officials and federal judges over enforcement of the Chinese exclusion laws. The Chinese, in their resistance, laid claim to principles—habeas corpus, due process, evidentiary rules—at the heart of Anglo-American jurisprudence. In the late 19th century, California lawyers for Chinese immigrants won more than 10,000 habeas corpus cases against the government.

Between 1905 and 1914, 10 million immigrants arrived—and then came another backlash.

You had the beginning of mass-production industries at that time, and Italians, Poles, southern Slavs and Eastern Europeans were drawn here by American prosperity. They took most of the jobs. Then in 1917, the U.S. declaration of war contributed to a pervasive anti-

immigrant climate, and there was a series of anti-immigrant legislation. The literacy test comes in with a 1917 law, then serious restrictions against Eastern Europeans with the Emergency Quota Act of 1921, and then the Immigration Act of 1924, which required immigrants to have papers.

This was the visa requirement?

Yes, you had to have a visa, and only so many were issued, and the largest numbers were issued to the British Isles and Germany, which were not the places from which most immigrants were coming. Supporters of European immigration saw no incongruity in supporting restrictions on some Europeans, so Eastern Europeans, largely Jews and Catholics, were opposed while others were welcomed. It was not just important to be white, but white and Western. Terence Powderly, second commissioner of the immigration service, once said that Brits, Germans and Scandinavians made the best Americans.

There's been a rise in immigration since the 1980s. What changed?

In times of economic growth, immigration tends to increase and attitudes toward it tend to soften. The era of ethnic or racial discrimination ended in 1952 and began the era of selective admission, with preferences for family members and others, which continues to the present. The 1965 act loosened restrictions, and the so-called amnesty of the Reagan era further redefined the rules, with more than 3 million illegal aliens beginning the process of legalization.

And yet we remain conflicted?

There is always some resentment shown to some immigrants—most

recently the continuing post-9/11 reactions against immigrants described as "Arabs" and "Muslims." At the same time, there are economic pressures for more immigrants—for agricultural workers and high-tech immigrants for high-tech regions.

How do we address illegal immigration from Mexico?

The United States claimed Mexicans first. As we annexed parts of Mexico, all kinds of people became citizens of the United States, with an option of staying or going back. Immigration from Latin America got a big boost during the First World War, when European immigration was cut off. Then the federal government brought in large numbers of Mexican *braceros*, or temporary workers, during the Second World War. And in good times, as the saying goes, "there ain't no such thing as a temporary worker." As long as they are comfortable, a lot of them stay. The notion that you can just close down the borders is not viable.

Why not?

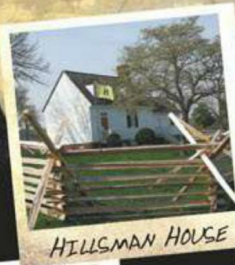
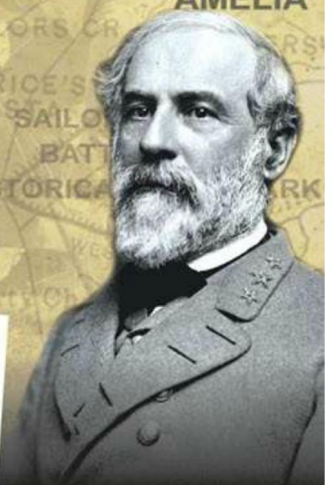
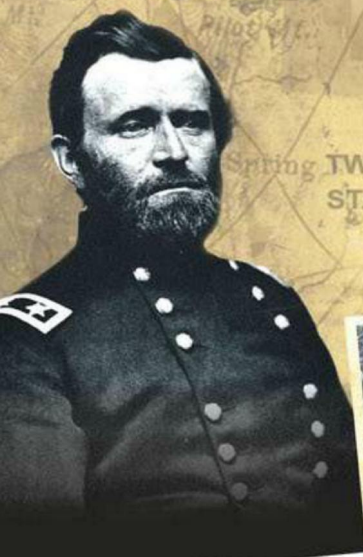
There are 500 million border crossings every year. If you try to inspect every truck, you'll have gridlock. And the notion that illegal immigrants are just Mexicans is wrong. The real problem is people come in on tourist visas, and we don't know when they leave. The government has never really kept track of how many people leave.

So there's no way to control it?

You'd need a system of regulation and interference with privacy that would make many Americans furious, because you can't say, "Well, only immigrants have to do this"—because who's an immigrant? They don't have signs on their backs. ■

HERE IT WAS THAT GENERAL LEE REALIZED IT
WAS OVER...THIS WAS THE TRUE TURNING POINT

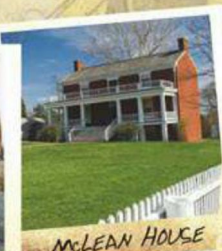
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CIVIL WAR
... *The End*



HILLSMAN HOUSE



RELAXATION



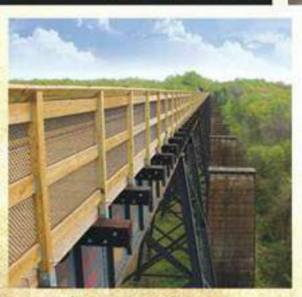
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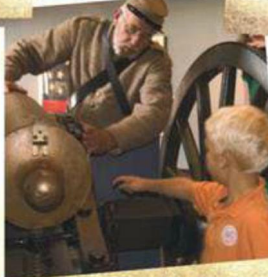
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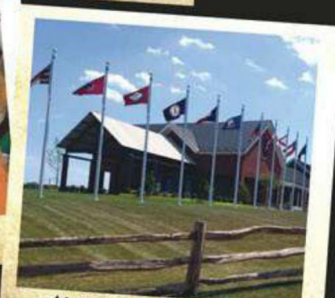
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Letter From American History

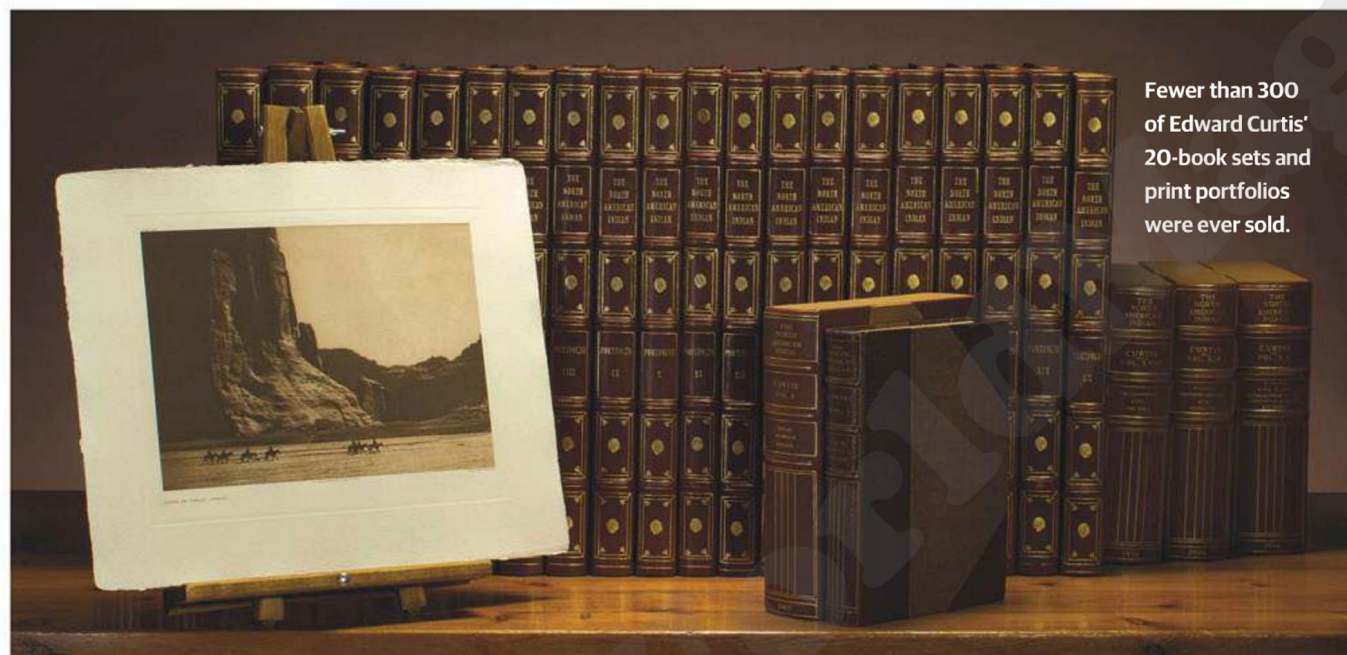
'Thank you for showing me my culture'

One way to measure the value of a thing is to simply let actors in a free market set it. What one person or entity gives to another in exchange for an item is a rational way to assess that item's value. When a 20-volume set of Edward Sheriff Curtis' *The North American Indian*, along with its 20 accompanying portfolios of 75 large original prints, fetched the highest bid ever last year for the photographer's work—\$2.88 million—its monetary value was clear to see. According to Curtis scholar, collector and curator Christopher Cardozo, the aggregate value of all Curtis' surviving work would approach three quarters of a billion dollars on the open market.

That value creation all began in 1899 with a young, struggling photographer's fascination with a poor and haggard American Indian woman who survived as a clam digger and washwoman in Seattle. Fascination grew to obsession and evolved into one of the most ambitious book series in history, and a treasured visual, oral and written record of the original Americans. In an excerpt of Timothy Egan's *Short Nights of the Shadow Catcher: The*

Epic Life and Immortal Photographs of Edward Curtis (p. 38), we trace the encounter between Curtis and the clam digger, and in the stunning collection of photos that follow we offer a glimpse of the genius of Curtis and a few of his estimated 10,000 native collaborators.

For Cardozo, who has collected, exhibited, published and written about Curtis' work for four decades—and who was inspired by that work to become a noted photographer of American Indians in his own right—the value of the Curtis collection extends far beyond its rarity or even its artistic merits. "Were it not for Curtis," Cardozo said, "tens of thousands of native people would have little idea of what their ancestors looked like, what they believed, how they lived, and what they accomplished." Cardozo, who is targeting the sesquicentennial of Curtis' birth, 2018, for the opening of an Edward S. Curtis/Sacred Legacy Museum, recalls how a simple, yet moving comment he received from a visitor to a recent exhibit may be the true measure of the collection's value: "Thank you for showing me my culture."



Suicide Pact

56 men put their lives on the line by **signing the Declaration of Independence** By William Hogeland

Anything but celebratory. That's how Benjamin Rush of Pennsylvania remembered the atmosphere in the Continental Congress in Philadelphia when delegates affixed their signatures to the Declaration of Independence: A "pensive and awful silence pervaded the house as we were called up, one after another, to the table of the President of Congress," Rush said, to sign "what was believed by many at that time to be our own death warrants." The British government considered the Declaration of Independence a treasonous document. And treason was a capital crime.

Benjamin Harrison, a portly delegate from Virginia, tried to lighten the mood with gallows humor. Standing

obscure; the old, young and middle-aged; the planters, the farmers and the businessmen; the recent arrivals to America and the scions of old American families were all risking not only their lives but also loss of property and impoverishment of wives and children.

Independence Day is now a time for family relaxation, patriotic parades and unabashed celebration. Amid the displays of red, white and blue and the dazzling fireworks, it is easy to forget the real-life sacrifices the signers of the Declaration made for the sake of American liberty.

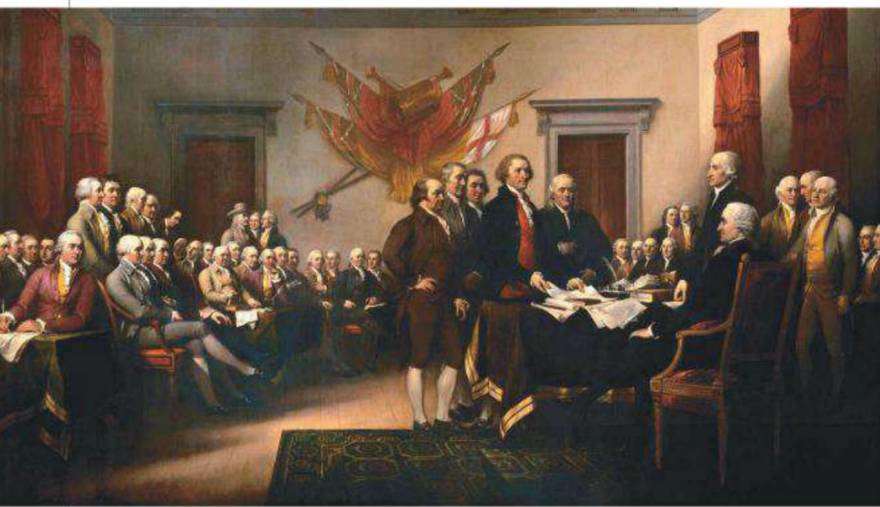
Skinny Elbridge Gerry knew from firsthand experience how much danger the signers were putting themselves in. Gerry, who is remembered today mainly for having served as the fifth vice president of the United

States and for giving his name to the word "gerrymandering," narrowly escaped getting caught and hanged by the British on April 18, 1775, the night of Paul Revere's fabled ride. Gerry and a militia colonel had taken shelter at a tavern on the road from Boston to Lexington. When a contingent of British soldiers showed up in search of rebel traitors, Gerry and the colonel fled out the back of the tavern and hid in a nearby cornfield, still in their nightclothes.

Another signer, Caesar Rodney of Delaware, put his life on the line to prevent deadlock in the Continental Congress during the debate over proclaiming independence. Rodney, whom John Adams called "the oddest looking man in the world," with a face "not bigger than a large apple," was suffering from late-stage cancer of the face when Congress took a trial vote on July 1. If the colonies did not put up a united

front, the quest for independence was doomed. But only two Delaware delegates were present, one for and one against, on the eve of an official, final vote scheduled for the next day. So Thomas McKean, the pro-independence delegate, sent an express rider to Rodney, urging him to start for Philadelphia immediately to break the tie.

A violent storm had begun that afternoon. It continued through the evening and would not let up. Still, Rodney rode through it all night. Nearly spent, he arrived in the morning, just in time to flip Delaware's vote.



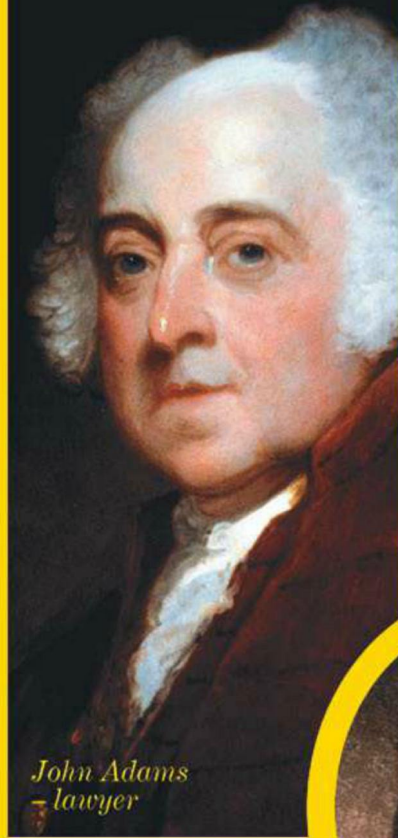
John Trumbull's *Declaration of Independence* (1818), which hangs in the Capitol Rotunda, shows 42 of the document's 56 signers and five other patriots.

at the table beside Elbridge Gerry, a skinny delegate from Massachusetts, Harrison said, "I shall have a great advantage over you, Mr. Gerry, when we are all hung for what we are now doing. From the size and weight of my body I shall die in a few minutes, but from the lightness of your body you will dance in the air an hour or two before you are dead."

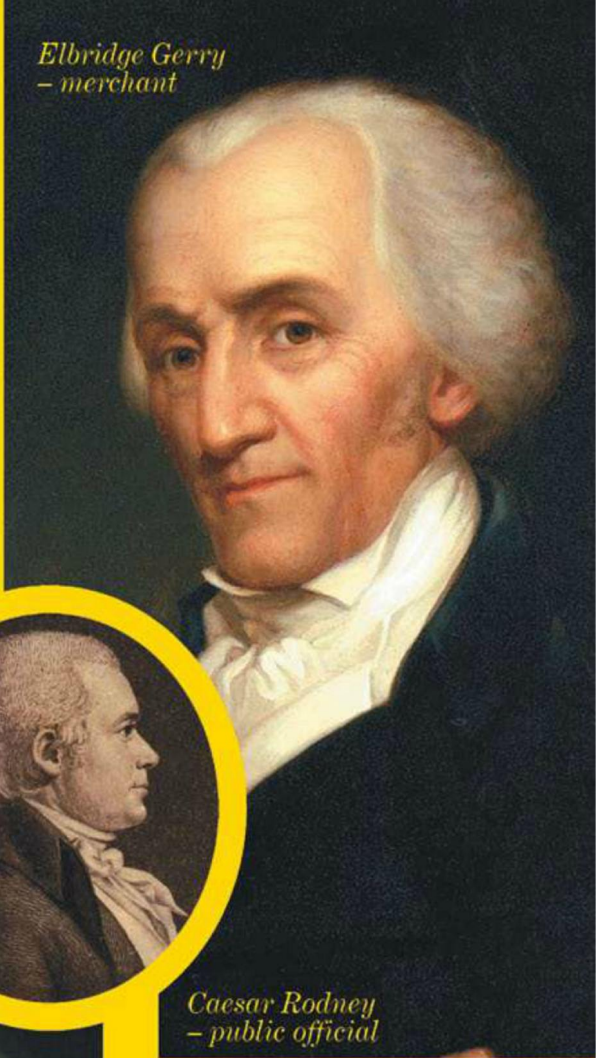
The witticism did little to ease the sense of foreboding shared by the 56 signers of the Declaration. By appending their names to the document, the famous and the



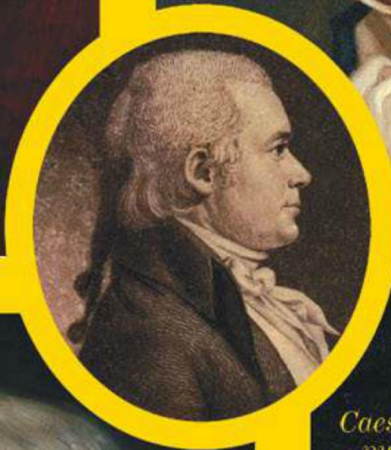
Arthur Middleton
– planter



John Adams
– lawyer



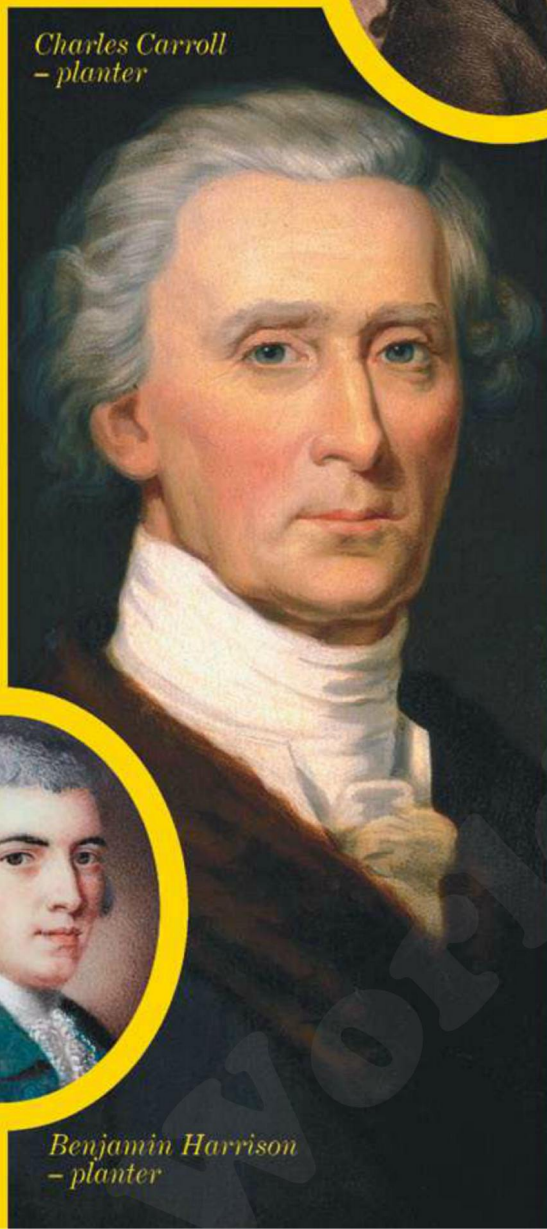
Elbridge Gerry
– merchant



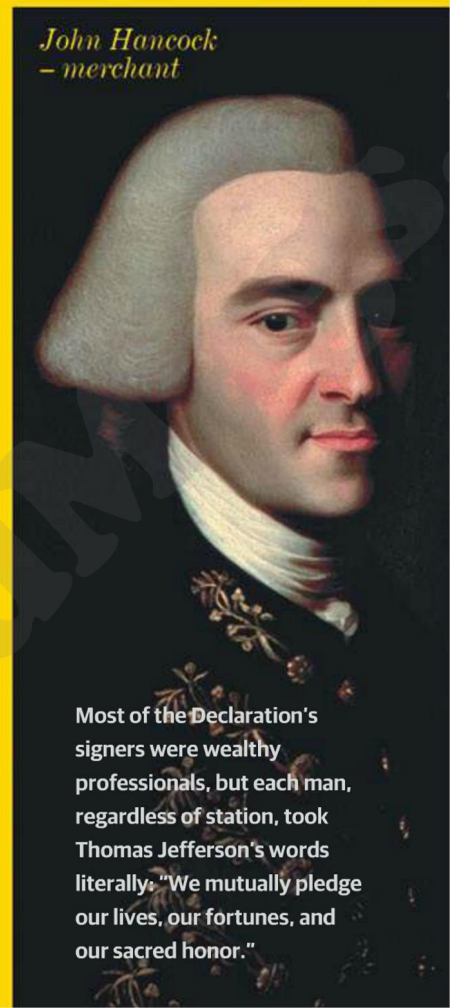
Charles Carroll
– planter



Benjamin Rush
– doctor



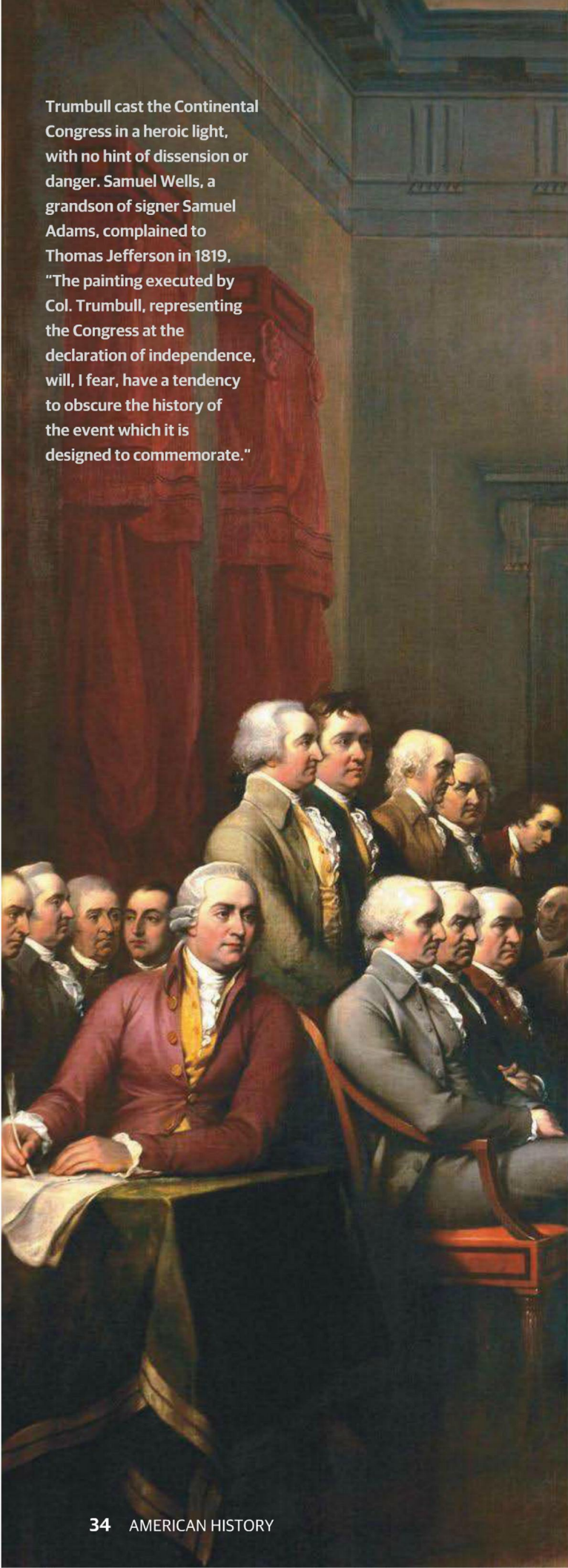
Benjamin Harrison
– planter



John Hancock
– merchant

Most of the Declaration's signers were wealthy professionals, but each man, regardless of station, took Thomas Jefferson's words literally: "We mutually pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

Trumbull cast the Continental Congress in a heroic light, with no hint of dissension or danger. Samuel Wells, a grandson of signer Samuel Adams, complained to Thomas Jefferson in 1819, "The painting executed by Col. Trumbull, representing the Congress at the declaration of independence, will, I fear, have a tendency to obscure the history of the event which it is designed to commemorate."



Some writers say Rodney arrived covered with mud. Some say it was dust. Some say the congressmen were already assembled when they heard Rodney's horse clattering up the street, and that they rose as one to greet him. McKean said he met Rodney at the door. All of that may be true.

Rodney's description of the ride was characteristically modest: "I arrived in Congress, though detained by thunder and rain, in time enough to give my voice in the matter of independence." The effect of his vote was momentous. The Declaration of Independence was yet to be signed. But now there was no turning back.

On the Fourth of July, 1776, which anniversary we celebrate as Independence Day, probably only one member actually signed a final draft of the Declaration. That was John Hancock of Massachusetts, president of Congress; he would have signed it in order to provide copies to the press and send it around the newly independent states.

Hancock was hardly a model of republican simplicity or humility. He wore lavender outfits and rode in a yellow coach pulled by six huge, perfectly matched bay horses. Hancock had deep pockets, and he'd helped bankroll Samuel Adams' resistance operation in Boston. But despite long support for the Boston patriots, Hancock took a wavering tack to American independence. As the Revolution began to unfold, John Adams was sure Hancock was working with a faction in the Continental Congress who yearned for reconciliation with Great Britain.

Still, on July 2, Hancock voted with the Adamses and their allies for independence. On July 4, he released the document to the public. When delegates gathered on August 2 to sign a final handwritten copy of the Decla-

A Signer Who Played Both Ends



Robert Morris

We may owe American independence to our first inside-trading, robber-baron bankster. In 1776, Robert Morris of Pennsylvania was the fattest of all colonial fat cats—physically obese, yes, but also in control of a far-flung network of ships, cash, loans, land and investments, a player at the highest levels of imperial trade. And in the Continental Congress,

Morris argued at first for reconciling with England. In the July 1 poll, he voted against American independence. On the decisive day, July 2, he abstained from voting at all.

Yet on August 2, Morris placed his name boldly above those of the other Pennsylvania signers of the Declaration and began financing the Revolutionary War effort out of his own ample pockets. He paid personally for uniforms and food for undersupplied troops—and he skimmed a little

SIDEBAR: PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, PHILADELPHIA, PA/THE BRIDGEMAN ART LIBRARY

ration, his ego and his patriotism came together: John Hancock made his own name forever synonymous with “signature,” writing it in gigantic script above all the others on the suicide pact.

Hancock wasn’t the only one to put substantial wealth on the line when he signed the Declaration. Charles Carroll of Maryland, the ultimate born-and-bred gentleman, probably had the most to lose. Carroll had been educated in Europe and graduated from the Lycée Louis-le-Grand in Paris. Back home as the patriot cause was gearing up, he received 10,000 acres from his father and soon became one of the richest men in the colonies, with immense plantations and farmlands and investments in development.

Yet as early as 1763, when few patriots dared to speak of severing ties with Great Britain, Carroll made a bold prediction to his father: “America is a growing country; in time it will and must be independent.” By 1772, he began writing passionate letters to Maryland newspapers insisting the colonies had a right to control their taxation. And in 1776, when he was visiting the Congress in Philadelphia, Carroll’s French fluency and his Catholic background were put to good use: Congress sent him on a diplomatic mission to Quebec. Then the colony sent him to Philadelphia as an official delegate.

Though arriving too late to vote for independence on July 2, Carroll did get to sign the Declaration on August 2 with most of the other delegates. As he wrote his signature, somebody (possibly Benjamin Franklin) is said to have dryly remarked, “There go millions.”

While many of the wealthy signers inherited their money and land, adding to it through enterprise, Franklin was famous for having worked his way up from humble origins as an apprentice printer. George Taylor of Pennsylvania overcame even more extreme obstacles

Trumbull recalled that he “found it necessary to depart from the usual practice of reporting an act” in creating his most famous painting. He included delegates who were not there when the Declaration was presented, as well as some who never signed it. In 1906, historian John Hazelton concluded that the value of Trumbull’s work lay in its “authentic likenesses of so many” founders. It is difficult, Hazelton wrote, “to make Art and History agree.”

Against the Middle

something for himself off every deal he made. He kept the war going by printing his own paper money (“Mr. Morris’ notes”) while profiteering without scruple, awarding supply contracts to cronies, leaking and gaining from inside information.

For his efforts, Morris became Superintendent of Finance for Congress, the most powerful man in America after General Washington. After the war, he remained among the richest, too—but only for a time.

Despite his financial savvy, Morris’ enthusiasm for investment was fired by irrational exuberance. In the land-speculation frenzy of the 1780s and ‘90s, which became the United States’ first real estate bubble, Morris kept buying. He owned many millions of acres, from upstate New York to the Deep South, borrowing on ever narrower margins to finance his bets. When the bubble burst, Morris was ruined. The Financier of the American Revolution ended up in debtors prison.

—WH





The fabled "Committee of Five"—from left, John Adams, Roger Sherman, Robert Livingston, Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin—was chosen to write a declaration that laid out the colonies' arguments for independence from Great Britain. It would "place before mankind the common sense of the subject," Jefferson later explained. "It was to be an expression of the American mind."

in his rise to prominence: He had come to America as an unfree laborer. In 1736 he'd been indentured to the owner of an iron foundry in Bucks County. Taylor quickly became manager of that foundry, and after the death of his master, he married the widow. He had only one child with her, but after she died he had five children with his housekeeper, to whom he was never legally married. An energetic man in more ways than one, Taylor had mouths to feed, security to provide and businesses to grow. He leased and operated furnaces owned by richer men. In his "spare time" he ran a tavern.

And he put his entrepreneurial initiative together with his patriotism. Shortly after shots were fired at Lexington and Concord, in April 1775, Taylor sought a contract with Pennsylvania's Committee of Safety to provide cannon ammunition. That August, George Taylor's furnace became the first ironworks in Pennsylvania to ship munitions to the Continental Army: 258 balls weighing from 18 to 32 pounds.

Yet a twist ensued after Taylor signed the Declaration. The most important iron furnace Taylor leased belonged to Joseph Galloway. At one time the top political operator in Pennsylvania, Galloway was now a loyalist who had fled behind British lines. The Pennsylvania Assembly convicted Galloway in absentia of treason. It confiscated all his many properties. That included George Taylor's furnace. While Taylor was allowed to complete the first few years of his lease, in 1779 Congress sold off the very furnace that had been so eager to supply it with ammunition.

George Taylor was soon out of the iron business. It's impossible to imagine him not dreaming up new endeavors. But we'll never know how they would have fared: Taylor died in 1781.

Losing property was a natural concern for all of the signers. For William Floyd of New York, it became a painful reality almost immediately. Even as Floyd sat through the final debate on independence in Philadelphia, the British armada was arriving in New York Harbor. On July 19, 1776, the British Army arrived at Floyd's estate on Long Island, confiscated his house and farm and used the property as a cavalry barracks for the next seven years. The occupying troops lived by slaughtering Floyd's livestock and harvesting his produce.

The year turned into a bad one for John Hart of New Jersey, too. Hart was an old man; he and his wife Deborah had 13 children. When Hart signed the Declaration, Deborah was desperately ill. She died in October 1776 and the British invaded New Jersey soon after. Troops ran amok on Hart's farm, destroying his mills, tearing up his crops, butchering his cattle. The elderly signer was marked for arrest. He hid out in the Sourland Mountains, sleeping in caves and outhouses, and once in a dog kennel. He died in 1778, having given over the

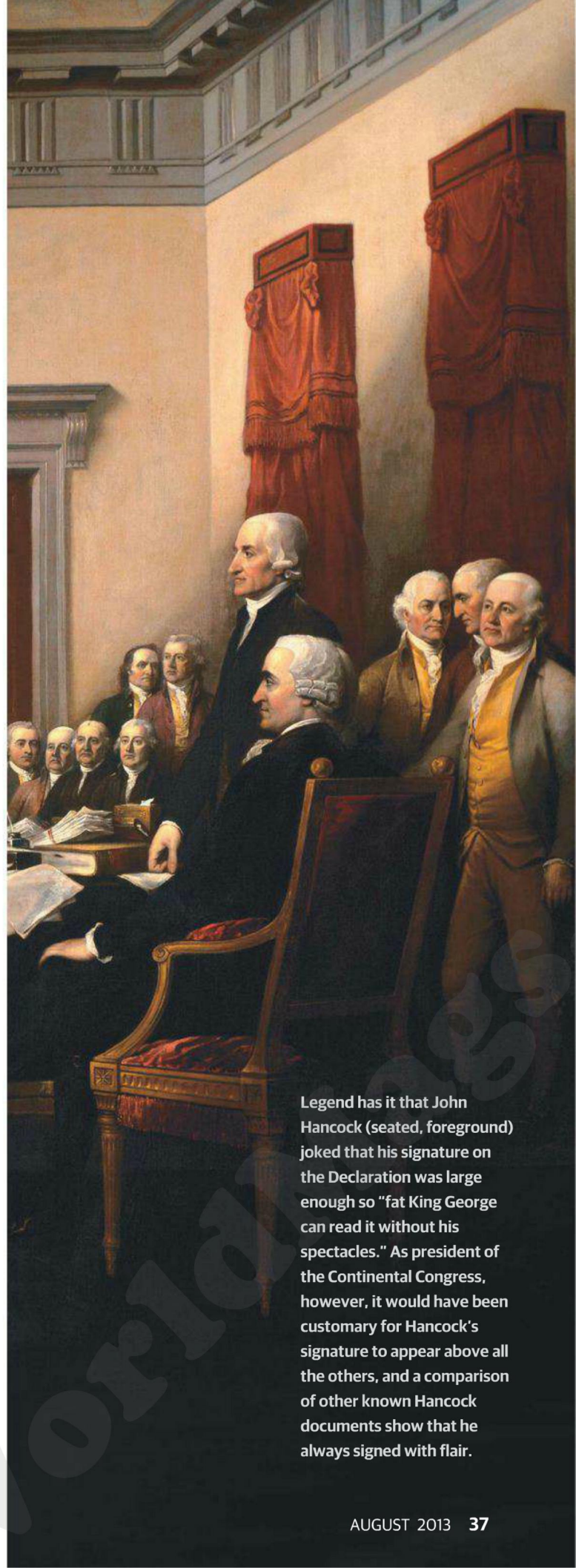
last part of his 69 years to danger and sorrow on behalf of American independence.

As the war progressed, Lyman Hall suffered a similar fate. A Congregationalist minister originally from Connecticut, Hall had moved to the Georgia coast, where he operated a rice plantation. In 1778, when the British invaded Georgia, Hall was well known as an early, activist patriot and a Declaration signer. The invading army destroyed his home and his entire plantation. Another wealthy rice planter, Arthur Middleton of South Carolina, faced even more frightening consequences of signing the Declaration. In 1779, the British Army destroyed Middleton's plantation while he was serving with the South Carolina militia in Charleston. When Charleston fell to the British in 1780, Middleton was taken prisoner. He was sent to Florida and placed in one of the notorious British prison ships there, along with his fellow South Carolina signer Edward Rutledge. Middleton was not exchanged until late the following year. In the meantime, his substantial lands and fortune had been confiscated.

Richard Stockton of New Jersey paid for signing in nearly every way. His ordeal began right away, in 1776, when he returned from inspecting the Continental Army in upstate New York. In the process of evacuating his family, Stockton was dragged from his bed by New Jersey loyalists, marched to Perth Amboy, handed to the British Army and put in irons. He spent weeks in prison in occupied New York, deliberately subjected to short rations and frigid weather. Meanwhile, his estate was ransacked, his livestock killed, his library burned, his house used as a headquarters by British General Cornwallis. Stockton was paroled in 1777; as a term of parole, he signed an agreement to stay out of the war effort. His health had been broken by his imprisonment. He died of cancer in 1781.

The first recorded use of the expression "Independence Day" occurred in 1791, and over the years the country celebrated the Fourth with increasing gusto. Observing Independence Day festivities in July 1811, 35 years after members of the Continental Congress made their suicide pact, an aging Benjamin Rush lamented that the role the signers played had been overlooked. "The military men ran away with all the glory of the day," Rush wrote to John Adams, whose friendship had been forged in the ordeal of 1776. "Scarcely a word was said of the solicitude and labors and fears and sorrows and sleepless nights of the men who projected, proposed, defended, and subscribed the Declaration of Independence." And amid all the Fourth of July hoopla since then, the personal courage of the signers has been largely forgotten. ■

William Hogeland's most recent book is Founding Finance: How Debt, Speculation, Foreclosures, Protests, and Crackdowns Made Us a Nation.



Legend has it that John Hancock (seated, foreground) joked that his signature on the Declaration was large enough so "fat King George can read it without his spectacles." As president of the Continental Congress, however, it would have been customary for Hancock's signature to appear above all the others, and a comparison of other known Hancock documents show that he always signed with flair.

First Step Toward Destiny

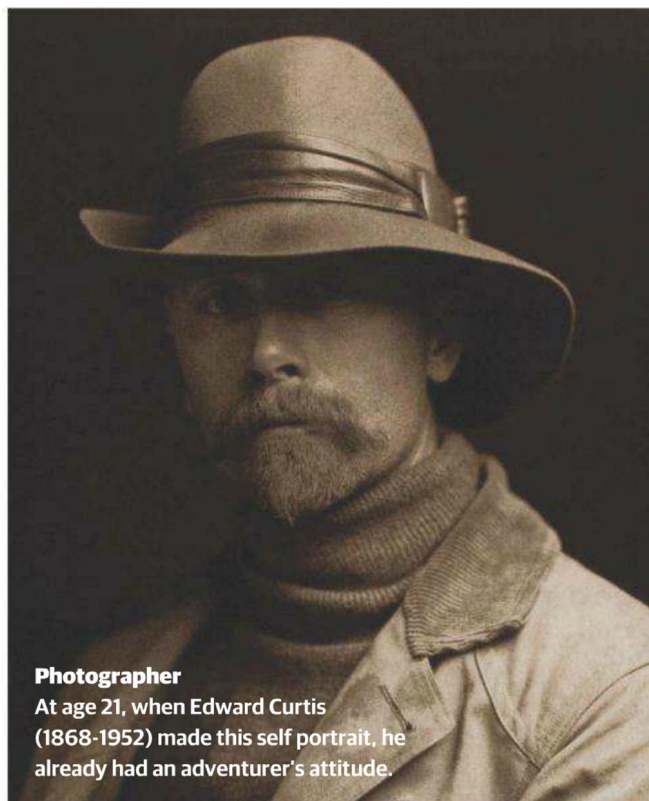
Edward S. Curtis found his calling when he photographed one remarkable face in 1899

By Timothy Egan

The last Indian of Seattle lived in a shack down among the greased piers and coal bunkers of the new city, on what was then called West Street, her hovel in the grip of Puget Sound, off plumb in a rise above the tidal flats. The city was named for the old woman's father, though the founders had trouble pronouncing *See-ahlish*, a kind of guttural grunt to the ears of the Midwesterners freshly settled at the far edge of the continent. Nor could they fathom how to properly say *Kick-is-om-lo*, his daughter. So the seaport became Seattle, much more melodic, and the eccentric Indian was renamed Princess Angeline, the oldest and last surviving child of the chief of the Duwamish and Suquamish. "Princess" was used in condescension, mostly. How could this toothless wretch living amid the garbage be royalty? How could this tiny beggar in calico, bent by time, this clam digger who sold bivalves door to door, this laundress who scrubbed clothes on the rocks, be a princess?

When Edward Curtis saw Angeline moving along the shore, she looked at once like the perfect subject. There against the deep waters of Puget Sound, there with the snow-mantled Olympic Mountains framed behind her, there with the growl of earth-digging machines and the snorts of steamships and loading crews and the clatter of streetcars and trolleys—with all of that, Curtis saw a moment from a time before any white man had looked upon these shores.

Curtis had developed a reputation for finding the true character of his subjects. He did the civic leaders—Judge Thomas Burke, the progressive hero who had stood up to a mob trying to force the Japanese out of Seattle by rifle and pitchfork. But he also captured the face of the trolley



Photographer

At age 21, when Edward Curtis (1868-1952) made this self portrait, he already had an adventurer's attitude.

Curtis allowed light to fall on her cheekbones and nose, enough to contrast with the sad, dark eyes

car driver who had saved a month's pay to sit before Curtis in his spiffy uniform, of the sailor who planned his shore leave around a session in front of the camera.

Curtis approached Angeline with a proposition. He tried a simple negotiation, laying out his idea. Angeline backed away. Curtis used Chinook jargon, a few hundred words that had been a primitive trading language dating to the Hudson's Bay Company days. Angeline shook her head.

Curtis opened his leather case and displayed a few portraits—beautiful, full-faced, radiant subjects. And such detail, like real life. He gestured to her and then to the picture.

At last he reached in to his pockets and produced some coins. More hand gestures followed. A simple exchange did the trick; money for picture. Up the hill they walked, Angeline pausing to rest every few steps, to the studio at 614 Second Avenue. Curtis

had her sit and look around the room, daydream if she liked, gave her some tobacco for her pipe, maybe one of his cigarettes. Of course! After some time, she loosened the bandanna and the scarf.

"No, no! Just as you are."

She did not smile, not even an attempt, and he did not want her to smile. He was looking for the lethal glare

Excerpted from Short Nights of the Shadow Catcher by Timothy Egan, © 2012 by Timothy Egan. Used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Harcourt Publishing Company. All rights reserved.



Inspiration

Angeline, daughter of Chief Seattle, lived on the edge of a city that saw a 12-fold population increase in 10 years.

she saved for the boys who threw rocks at her. He hoped to convey a face that had seen worlds change, forests leveled, tidelands filled, people crushed. As a girl, she never dug a clam or washed a bit of clothing. Her father had slaves from other tribes do the menial work. Her current status, the scrubwoman in the shack, was anything but quaint.

He gave Angeline a dollar for her time, equal to a week's worth of drudge work. What emerged from the many takes and the alchemy of developing chemicals was a face that could knock a door down with its slit-eyed stare. Curtis allowed light to fall on her cheekbones and nose, enough to contrast with the sad, dark eyes, looking away at another time.

The portrait of the princess was magnificent, and Curtis knew it, for everyone who saw it was impressed. But the picture was not what he'd had in mind when he first spied Angeline against Puget Sound. Over the following weeks Curtis returned to Shantytown. He saw Angeline in the mudflat, stooped and dark-cloaked, shovel in hand—the clam digger in her element. This was more like what he had seen in a flash that day on the shore. The sitting portrait was fine, but he was drawn to some-

thing more natural. Angeline had to fit her background, and that could never be the studio on Second Avenue. He gave her money to continue her grubbing and prying, as she had for decades. From these everyday scenes came the inspiration for two pictures. One he called *The Clam Digger*, the other was *The Mussel Gatherer*. No frowning, vanquished Indians here. No starving, bedraggled aborigines. No warriors. They were neither threats nor objects of pity. The subsistence life was front and center, an ageless figure digging for food in front of a tranquil bay, with a distant island and benign clouds in the background, no sign of a city at all.

From Angeline, Curtis learned about other Duwamish and Suquamish people who lived at the edges of the city, upriver, hidden from view. Curtis waited along the riverbanks for them to return from picking hops in the field, their dugouts loaded down, baskets on the shore. When they saw his camera, the Indians would shy away, or force an expression.

"No, no. Please, just as you are."

Curtis did not consider himself to be doing a historian's work or that of a journalist or ethnologist. Still, it was important to get it down, and get it right. "The people in the main were sedentary, inhabiting well-made wooden houses," he wrote of his new acquaintances, trying to correct a false impression of Indian mobility in every part of the

West. And if people in Seattle thought native home-building was nothing more than a variant of the primitive shack of Princess Angeline, Curtis knew better. He had seen the glories. They didn't live in leaky animal-skin tipis or under a roof of bug-ridden brush. "The triumph of their architecture," he wrote, included a communal lodge that was "520 feet long, 60 feet wide, 15 feet high, supported by 74 split timbers" and built by Angeline's people just a half century earlier without modern tools. "Agriculture was unknown" to the Coast Salish, he explained, not because Indians were too stupid to till the ground, but because "the ease with which food could be had from the sea left no incentive for development of agricultural life." As a witness, young Curtis sensed the value of a diminishing world; it occurred to him in a stark epiphany that if he could capture these closing hours, he would have something of lasting value.

For him, Angeline was the start of the largest, most comprehensive and ambitious photographic odyssey in American history. ■

A small selection of Edward Curtis' photographs of American Indians appears on the following pages.

Catching Shadows

Edward S. Curtis' breathtaking photos celebrate an American culture on the verge of extinction By **Claudia Glenn Dowling**

The Hopi called the dashing portrait photographer "Man Who Sleeps on His Breath," because of the air mattress he used while camping with them. But most of the 80 tribes Edward Sheriff Curtis lived with and photographed over the course of three decades knew him as "Shadow Catcher." For that was his mission: to capture the faces and voices and songs and customs and languages of as many native American Indian tribes as possible before they faded into the murk of modernity, absorbed into the 76 million "Americans" who had settled in the United States by the turn of the 20th century. His lifework, he believed, was urgent: According to the U.S. Census in 1900, when he began his oeuvre, 237,000 of the aboriginal first people were left of some 10 million at white contact. "I want to make them live forever," said Curtis. "It's such a big dream I can't see it all."

As a Navajo medicine man, Hastobiga would have been the keeper of the tribe's stories and traditions as well as a practitioner of healing ceremonies.





A Lifelong Journey

Curtis built his first camera at age 12 in Minnesota, using a lens his preacher father brought back from the Civil War. When the family relocated to Washington Territory, young Edward took on fishing, farming and woodcutting until he damaged his spine in a fall. With a grade-school education and a 14-by-17-inch view camera, he set up shop as a society portraitist in boomtown Seattle. In 1896, he took his first picture of a American Indian—the aged daughter of the chief the city was named for—and won national acclaim. Thus began his ambitious project to capture the old ways of the first Americans before they disappeared. Railroad tycoon John Pierpont Morgan agreed to cover travel and publishing expenses for the project, but Curtis worked for free. In the end, his obsessive odyssey would cost him his newfound prosperity and his marriage, but Curtis created a masterpiece.

A Navajo, or Diné, man is masked and painted to portray the god Nayenezgani. Curtis was one of the few outsiders allowed to view religious rites.

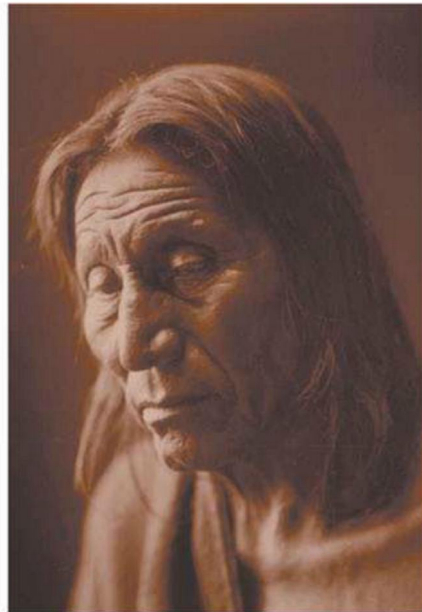
Unforgettable Faces

The Big Dream was to document every intact Indian community left in North America—the more untouched by “civilization,” the better. Most native people, Curtis said, preferred “minimum contact with the white race, whom they unostentatiously but cordially hate.” At first he would watch and listen. He purified himself in sweat lodges, ceremonially fasted and paid cash for posing. With translators, he made 10,000 wax cylinder recordings of songs and stories and 40,000 glass-plate negatives. His methodology offended academic ethnographers—Curtis might remove a parasol or clock from an image—but an eye for anachronisms ensured that his pictures were as accurate a depiction of traditional ways as he could produce.

While their garb may be exotic, the people in Curtis' portraits are unmistakably themselves, not types.



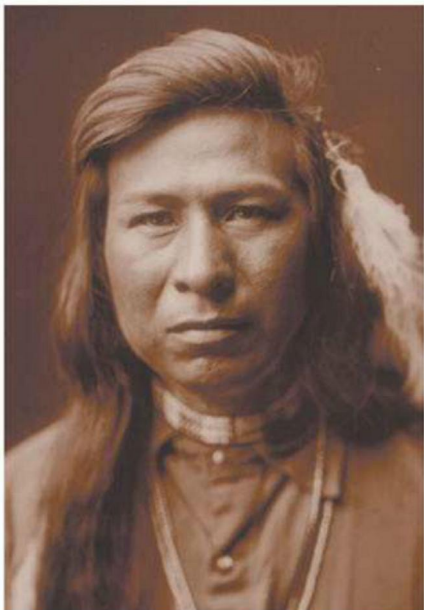
Navajo man, name unknown, circa 1904



Big Head, tribe unknown, circa 1905



Black Hair, Apsaroke tribe, circa 1905



Tah It Way, tribe unknown, circa 1905



Modified hair dressing, Hopi tribe, circa 1921



Chinó, Walpi tribe, circa 1903



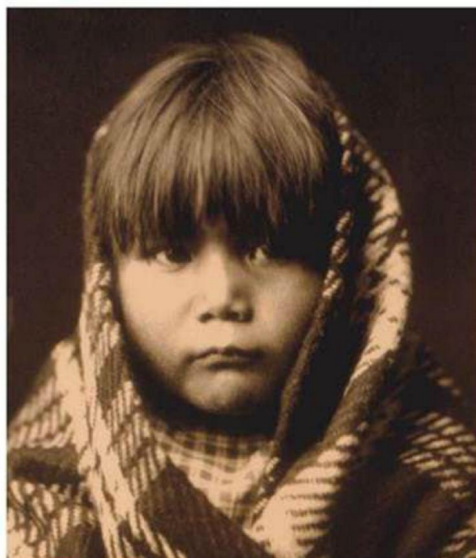
Black Eagle
fought at Bear
Paw (present-day
Montana), the 1877
battle that ended
the Nez Perce War.
He escaped to
Sitting Bull's
camp in Canada.



The Mealing Trough shows Hopi women grinding grain. Their squash-blossom buns indicate they are marriageable.

Survival Skills

"The Indian as he has hitherto been is on the point of passing away," President Theodore Roosevelt warned in his introduction of Curtis' first volume of *The North American Indian*, 1907. The irony was that the U.S. government was actively erasing traditional ways with the stated goal of assimilation. Indian agents punished celebration of "immoral" ceremonies like the Sun Dance, imprisoned medicine men and required Indian men to cut their hair. By the time the 20th and final volume of Curtis' lifework appeared in 1930, there were packaged foods and cars on Hopi land, and Curtis, like the old ways, was virtually forgotten. Yet in 2012, 60 years after his death, one of the 272 printed sets of *The North American Indian* sold for almost \$1.5 million. Tribes like the Hopi have used the collection to reinvigorate their languages and customs. The Big Dream, after all, did help the first people live forever. The entire compilation of *The North American Indian* is viewable at curtis.library.northwestern.edu/curtis/toc.cgi. ■



A Navajo girl (left) and child seem wary of the white man's camera.

Apache Babe, wrote Curtis, gives "a good idea of the happy disposition of Indian children, and at the same time showing the baby carrier."



Reagan Reborn

A near-death experience changed his presidency and led to the most important steps ever taken to reduce the threat of nuclear war

By **H.W. Brands**



Ronald Reagan had learned to read audiences during decades of public speaking, so it didn't take him long to perceive the one he addressed on March 30, 1981, as skeptical, even unfriendly. He opened with a joke, as he usually did, but it barely got a chuckle from the crowd attending the national conference of the building trades division of the AFL-CIO. Nor were the union men impressed when Reagan pointed out that he was a lifetime member of an AFL-CIO affiliate, the Screen Actors Guild.

Organized labor was a Democratic constituency, and though some unions had crossed the line to endorse Reagan and the Republican ticket in 1980, 600,000 construction workers were out of work when the president stepped to the lectern. Their representatives were not satisfied by what he told them of his economic plans. "Speech not riotously received," the president noted wryly after the event.

Reagan left the Washington Hilton and walked toward his waiting car. As he was about to get in, he heard what

sounded like firecrackers. His security detail immediately recognized the noise as gunshots, and one member of the Secret Service, Jerry Parr, reflexively shoved Reagan into the presidential limousine, pressing him down on the floor. A second agent pushed Parr in on top of Reagan. From his awkward position, Parr ordered the driver to pull away.

Neither Reagan nor Parr realized that the president had been hit. Reagan felt a sharp pain but thought it was a rib broken by Parr's rough handling. He told Parr, who directed the driver to George Washington University Hospital. Reagan insisted on walking into the emergency room but fainted from loss of blood before he got inside. Within moments doctors would discover a bullet wound and take action to save the president.

The failed assassination attempt by John Hinckley Jr., a disturbed drifter, dramatically changed the dynamic of Reagan's presidency. No other president in American history had recovered from a gunshot wound sustained while in office, and Reagan's survival generated a wave of public sympathy that boosted his popularity and gave crucial momentum to his conservative political agenda early in his first term. It also prompted some unusual behavior on the part of Reagan and his wife that his aides carefully shielded from the public. Nancy Reagan began to consult a secret outside adviser whose karmic predictions affected virtually every move and decision that the Reagans made for the next seven years. Most profoundly, the



■ **Opposite:** White House photographer Ron Edmonds, on his second day on the job, snapped three quick frames as the president left a speaking engagement on March 30, 1981. From top, Reagan raises his arm to wave as the first shot rang out; he turns in the direction of the noise; Secret Service officers push him into the waiting limo. Reagan was struck by a bullet after the third photo was taken. Left: Press secretary James Brady and officer Tom Delahanty lay wounded as police grab the shooter.

assassination attempt heightened the president's sense of destiny. It made him realize how fleeting life is, and how little time a president has to make his mark. From that realization followed his historic summit talks with Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev and the most important steps ever taken to rid the world of the threat of nuclear war.

“Am I dying?” Reagan asked fearfully as an attendant placed an oxygen mask over his face. An internist assured him he would be fine. “I can’t breathe,” Reagan said. “My chest hurts.”

The senior doctor in the emergency room, still thinking Reagan might have merely a broken rib, listened to the patient’s lungs. The right lung sounded normal but the left was failing to inflate. The doctor ordered Reagan rolled onto his right side.

It was then that he saw the bullet wound, an inconspicuous slit beneath Reagan’s left armpit. Hinckley, who had become obsessed with the actress Jodi Foster after seeing her portray a teen prostitute in the movie *Taxi Driver* and hoped to impress her with his daring act, had fired six shots at the president. One gravely wounded James Brady, Reagan’s press secretary. The second hit a police officer; the third, a member of the Secret Service. Two others did no damage, but the sixth ricocheted off the president’s car and struck Reagan under the left arm. The doctors discovered no exit wound and concluded that the bullet remained within the patient’s body.

The emergency room trauma team went to work. They drained the blood that was constricting Reagan’s breathing, and with intravenous fluids helped restore his blood pressure. As he began to breathe more easily, the president regained the stage presence that was part of his political persona. Looking at the medical team gathered around him, he quipped to Jerry Parr, “I hope they are all Republicans.”

The bullet had lodged close to Reagan’s heart. The surgeons briefly considered leaving it there, lest their efforts to remove it cause greater harm, but decided to operate. As the anesthesiologist readied Reagan for sedation, the president realized he had a fresh audience and, with a smile, repeated his earlier political quip. The



Federal marshals escort would-be assassin John Hinckley Jr. to Quantico Marine Base. Hinckley was tried in 1982 and found not guilty by reason of insanity.



Hinckley fired six shots from this .22-caliber revolver.

chief surgeon responded, “Today, Mr. President, we are all Republicans.”

The operation was tricky but successful. The chief carefully withdrew the bullet, and then the surgeons repaired a damaged artery and the president’s left lung. Reagan was sewed up and dispatched to recovery.

Meanwhile, an unscripted drama was unfolding at the White House. James Baker, Reagan’s chief of staff, had

received a call from his deputy, Michael Deaver, saying Reagan had been shot and was in serious condition. Baker hurried to the hospital, where he was joined by Edwin Meese, the president's counselor and the third member of the White House "troika." The three pondered whether to invoke the 25th Amendment, which permits a transfer of authority to the vice president when a president is incapacitated. But Vice President George H.W. Bush was out of the city and wouldn't arrive back for some hours. Who would have responsibility for the country until then?

Secretary of State Alexander Haig thought he knew the answer. Haig watched White House spokesman Larry Speakes struggle with reporters' questions about the president's status and prognosis. Haig was in the White House at the time and was troubled by the vague responses. He thought they might cause America's foes to think no one was in charge in Washington.

Haig impetuously decided to intervene. He dashed into the briefing room and seized the lectern. His face flushed, he explained the chain of command. "Constitutionally, gentlemen, you have the president, the vice president and the secretary of state, in that order," he said. "Should the president decide he wants to transfer the helm, he will do so. He has not done that. As of now, I am in control here, in the White House, pending return of the vice president and am in close touch with him. If something came up, I would check with him, of course."

Haig's statement was supposed to calm the country, but it had just the opposite effect. His facts were wrong. The secretary of state was not third in line. The speaker of the House and the president pro tempore of the Senate preceded him. Haig's authoritative sound bite, "I am in control here," combined with his well-known ambition, lent the impression that this former four-star general was mounting some kind of coup.

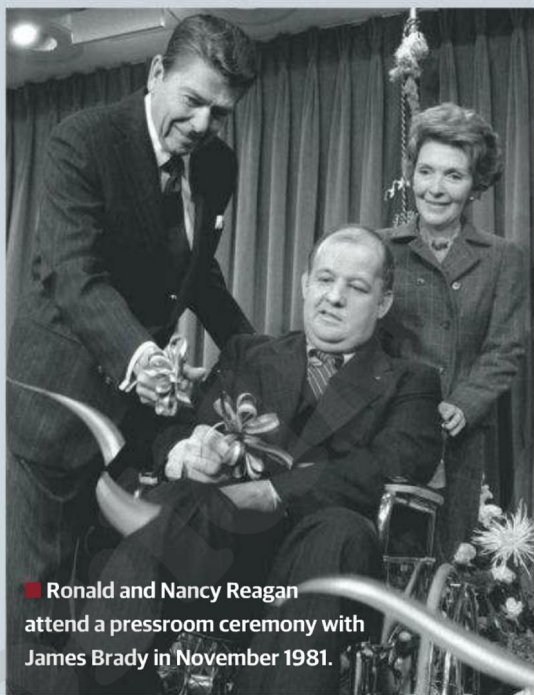
The White House corrected Haig's misstatement and declared that the president was, in fact, in charge. The secretary of state never recovered from his rash performance that day. Reagan's closest advisers lost their trust in him, and in the summer of 1982 the president allowed Haig to resign.

Nancy Reagan worried chronically about Reagan, and the shooting naturally intensified her anxiety. "Nothing can happen to Ronnie," she wrote in her diary while her husband was recovering in the hospital. "My life would be over." Even as the immediate danger passed, Nancy couldn't stop fearing for his life. She couldn't eat. She couldn't sleep. Always slender, she grew thin and then gaunt. She prayed. She cried. She sought advice from friends.

One who offered a suggestion was Merv Griffin, the television host, whom she knew from Hollywood. "He mentioned that he had recently talked with Joan Quigley,

An Impassioned Call for a Cease-Fire

In the barrage of assassin's gunfire aimed at Ronald Reagan, one bullet struck his press secretary, James Brady, in the head. Permanently disabled as a result, Brady emerged from the experience with a new mission—gun control. For the last 25 years the former presidential aide and his wife, Sarah, have been America's most prominent proponents of tougher gun laws. Their biggest legislative victory came in 1993, when Congress passed the Brady Handgun Violence Prevention Act, which requires that federal background checks be conducted on individuals seeking to buy a gun from a licensed gun dealer. That law has stopped more than 2 million people—mostly felons and fugitives—from purchasing guns, but experts say it has done little to curtail homicides. Meanwhile the debate about gun sales, gun regulation and gun violence rages on. According to Sarah Brady, "Jim makes very few public appearances anymore because of his poor health. I have been a little more active, and we are both so hopeful for steps that will reduce gun violence."



■ Ronald and Nancy Reagan attend a pressroom ceremony with James Brady in November 1981.

a San Francisco astrologer,” Nancy recalled later. “He had talked to Joan, who had said she could have warned me about March 30. According to Merv, Joan had said, ‘The president should have stayed home. I could see from my charts that this was going to be a dangerous day for him.’” Nancy remembered her response to Griffin. “Oh, my God!” she said. “I could have stopped it!”

Nancy, with the acceptance of her husband, had consulted astrologers for years, dating back to Reagan’s stint as governor of California. She called Quigley, who offered sympathy and support. Additional conversations ensued, until Nancy found herself consulting Quigley as to which days were auspicious for the president and which days threatening. The astrologer sent her celestial prognostications to Nancy, who used them to arrange the president’s schedule.

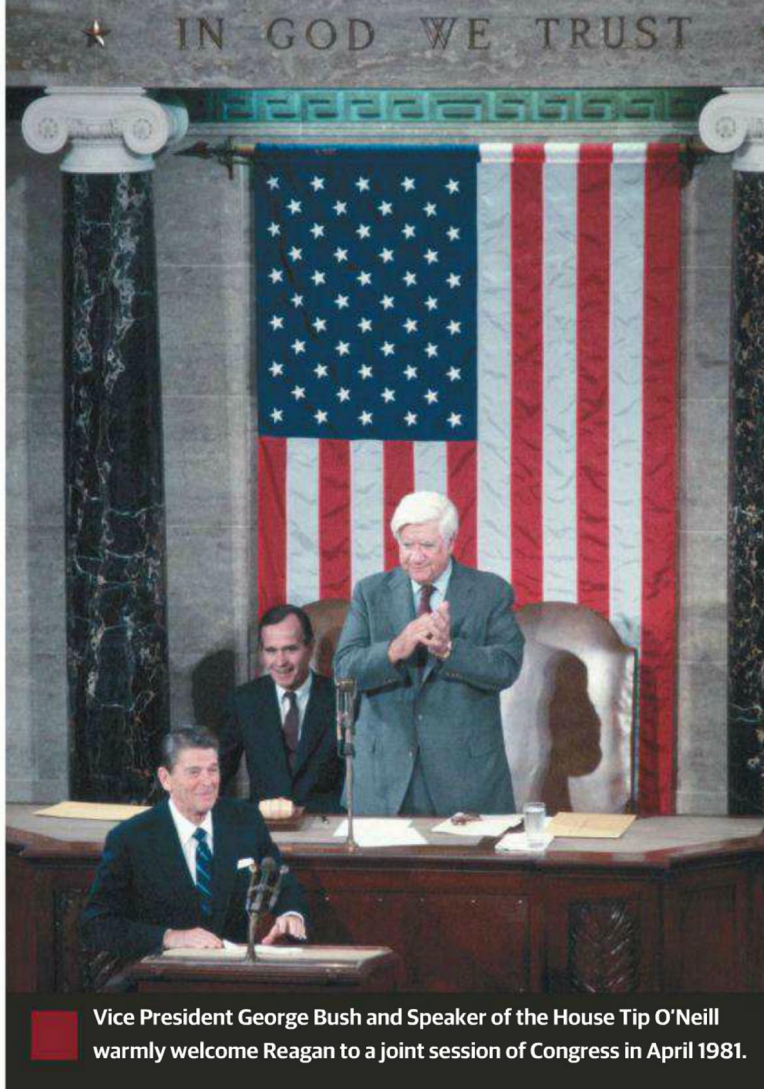
“Virtually every major move and decision the Reagans made during my time as Chief of Staff was cleared in advance with a woman in San Francisco who drew up horoscopes to make certain that the planets were in a favorable alignment for the enterprise,” Donald Regan, successor to James Baker as chief of staff, wrote in his memoir, *For the Record*.

Quigley’s role was a closely guarded secret. Michael Deaver knew, as did Baker and then Regan. And the world learned about Quigley after Don Regan resigned in 1987—following friction with Nancy over various matters, including the influence of an astrologer on the daily routine of the leader of the Free World—and wrote his book. Reagan was embarrassed; Nancy was incensed. Reagan’s critics had a field day with the revelation.

On the surface, the aftermath of the shooting was distinctly positive. A month later, Reagan stepped again onto the public stage. He rode to Capitol Hill to address a joint session of Congress on his priority issues of taxes and spending. His election victory the previous November had given him a mandate to try to cut both, but the Democrat-controlled House kept putting up roadblocks.

Not on this day, however. As the president entered the House chamber every senator and representative leaped up to give him an ovation. The shooting had threatened not merely the life of the president but the democratic principle that politics is conducted without violence. The applause was a collective sigh of relief. Reagan worked the aisle like the old pro he was, accepting congratulations on his recovery.

He played the moment for all it was worth. At the lectern, Reagan cracked a joke about his near demise, thanked the congressional members for their prayers



Vice President George Bush and Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill warmly welcome Reagan to a joint session of Congress in April 1981.

and paid tribute to Thomas Delahanty, the wounded police officer, and James Brady, whose wife, Sarah, sat in the gallery. He read from a letter a little girl sent him: “I hope you get well quick or you might have to make a speech in your pajamas.”

Reagan let the laughter mingle with the tears. The legislators, even the Democrats, were in his hands. There they remained when he turned to the substance of his address: the need for tax reductions and budget cuts. “Thanks to some very fine people, my health is much improved,” he said. “I’d like to be able to say that with regard to the health of the economy.” And he would be able to say it if Congress joined him in the fight the American people had elected him to lead.

Reagan didn’t get everything he wanted from the legislature. Spending proved harder to trim than taxes. Nor was his success entirely a result of the magnanimity that followed his return from the brink of death. Yet, three months later, when he put his signature to the biggest tax cut in American history, few denied that good feelings for the wounded president had been central to the accomplishment. Journalist David Broder had never seen anything like the popular embrace of Reagan after the shooting. “He was politically untouchable from that point on,” Broder said. “He became a mythic figure.”



Reagan and Soviet General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev close out their May 1988 summit in Moscow with a ceremony at the Kremlin.

He also became a figure touched by the hand of God. Or so Reagan interpreted his brush with death. Reagan had always been religious, but in a fairly conventional way. His shooting caused him to reconsider. He asked himself why he had been spared, when he could easily have died. He concluded that God had a reason. “Whatever happens now I owe my life to God and will try to serve him in every way I can,” he wrote in his diary while in the hospital.

The more he thought about it, the more he grew convinced that God wanted him to rid the world of nuclear weapons. Reagan had long been appalled by the specter of nuclear destruction that had hung over humanity since 1945, and he wondered whether he might be the one to banish it. He decided to give it a try. “Perhaps having come so close to death made me feel I should do whatever I could in the years God had given me to reduce the threat of nuclear war,” he recalled later. “Perhaps that is the reason I was spared.”

He acted at once on this conclusion. He wrote a personal letter to Soviet leader Leonid Brezhnev, assuring him that the United States had no aggressive designs against the Soviet Union. As a goodwill gesture he lifted a grain embargo imposed by Jimmy Carter after the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. And he called on Brezh-

nev to join him in working toward better relations between the superpowers. “Should we not be concerned with eliminating the obstacles which prevent our people from achieving their most cherished goals?” he asked.

He got no good response from Brezhnev, who was ailing and died the following year. The two subsequent Soviet leaders, Yuri Andropov and Konstantin Chernenko, didn’t live long enough to respond to Reagan’s entreaties. And even as he was reaching out to Moscow, Reagan put military pressure on America’s strategic rival. In 1983 he called the Soviet Union an “evil empire,” deployed Pershing and Cruise missiles in Europe and proposed an American missile-defense system—dubbed “Star Wars” by its critics.

Then, in 1985, Mikhail Gorbachev took charge in the USSR and Reagan found the negotiating partner he had been looking for. Gorbachev shared Reagan’s vision of a world without nuclear weapons, and in a series of summit meetings they moved their countries toward deep cuts in nuclear arms.

Many in the U.S. foreign policy establishment, old-school Cold Warriors including former president Richard Nixon, viewed any serious arms-control initiatives with the Soviets as naive and risky. But Reagan was getting to know Gorbachev, and sensed both his sincerity

and his desperate desire to reduce the USSR’s crippling military spending. At their 1986 summit in Reykjavik, Iceland, Reagan and Gorbachev broached the possibility of getting rid of nuclear weapons entirely. “It would be fine with me if we eliminated all nuclear weapons,” Reagan told Gorbachev.

That didn’t happen, but a breakthrough nonetheless came in December 1987, when the two leaders signed the Intermediate Range Nuclear Forces Treaty, which abolished intermediate- and short-range nuclear missiles. Reagan no longer considered the Soviet Union an evil empire, based on his many talks with Gorbachev, and he said so publicly.

Additional dramatic cuts in the nuclear arsenals of both countries would come later with the 1991 Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty. By then both Reagan and Gorbachev had left office. But the genesis of START, which eliminated some four-fifths of all strategic nuclear weapons, lay in the crucial talks between Reagan and Gorbachev. And the roots of these, in turn, lay in the moment when a madman nearly assassinated the 40th president of the United States. ■

H.W. Brands’ most recent book is The Man Who Saved the Union: Ulysses Grant in War and Peace.

Fat Cats and Vagabonds

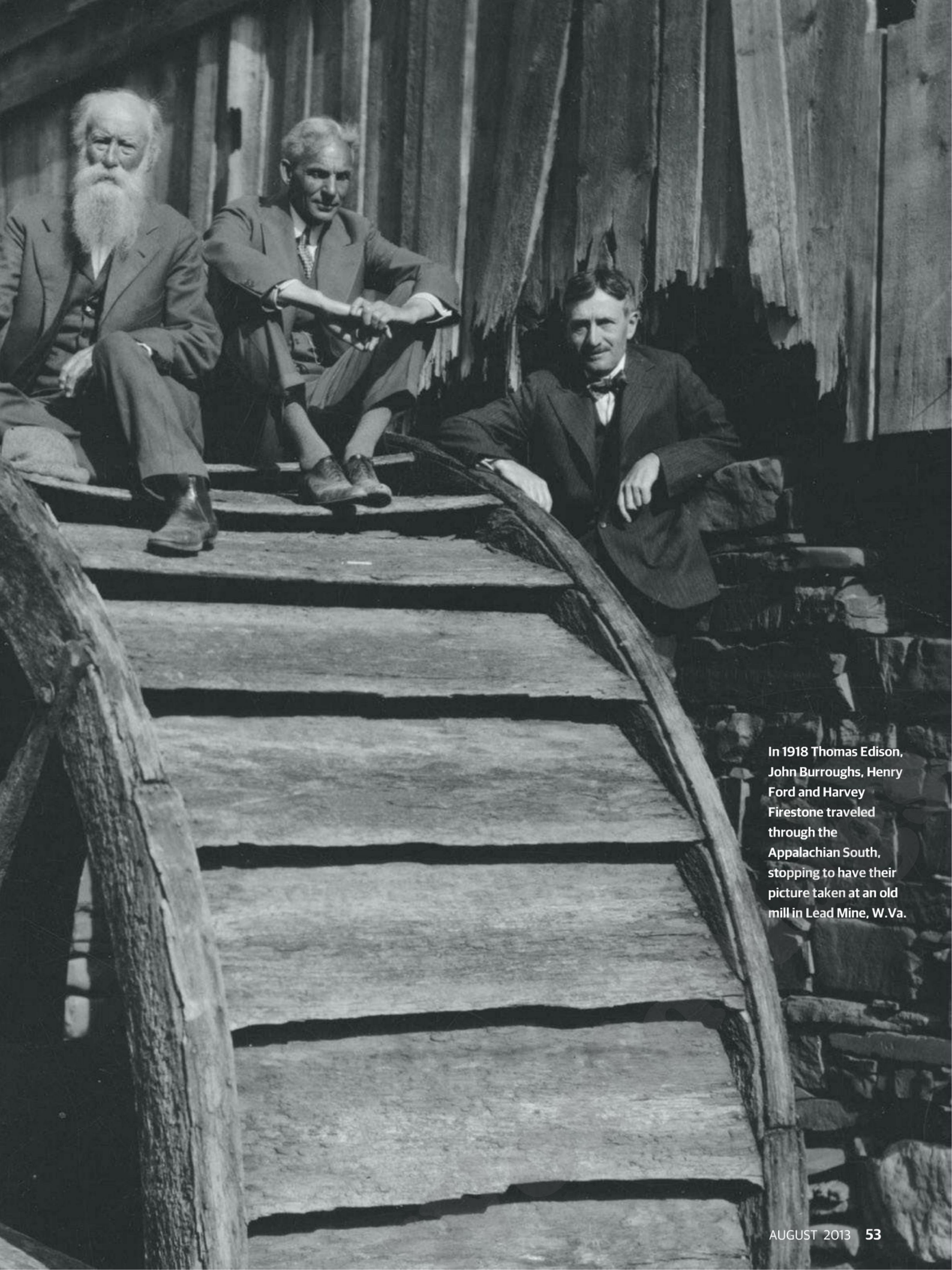
Harvey Firestone, Thomas Edison, Henry Ford and John Burroughs were unlikely camping buddies

By **Peter Carlson**

THE STORY IS TOLD in various versions but they all go something like this:

Henry Ford is on a camping trip with his famous friends—Thomas Edison, the great inventor; Harvey Firestone, the rubber baron; and John Burroughs, the best-selling nature writer—and they encounter a Model T Ford driven by a backwoods hick. Ford tells the hick that he created the Model T, and he introduces his friends: “This is Thomas Edison. He invented the light bulb. This is Harvey Firestone. He made the tires on your car. And this”—and then the hick, looking skeptical, points at Burroughs, whose long white beard hung to his chest, and says, “I suppose you’re going to tell me this guy is Santa Claus.”





In 1918 Thomas Edison, John Burroughs, Henry Ford and Harvey Firestone traveled through the Appalachian South, stopping to have their picture taken at an old mill in Lead Mine, W.Va.

IT'S A GOOD STORY—probably too good to be entirely true—and the reporters and biographers who repeat it never quite agree on where or when it supposedly occurred. But it's based on an intriguing fact: Nearly every year between 1914 and 1924, Ford and his famous friends did go camping together. They jokingly dubbed themselves “the Four Vagabonds,” and their journeys were a uniquely American combination of back-to-nature vacation, intellectual colloquium and shameless publicity stunt.

Over the years, the Vagabonds voyaged through the Everglades, the Appalachians and the Adirondacks—and each man took on a distinct duty. Edison was the navigator, riding in the lead car with a map on his lap, guiding the caravan and usually choosing the most rutted, bone-rattling dirt roads he could find. Firestone was the commissary officer, supplying the food and the chefs who cooked it. Burroughs led nature walks, identifying plants and birds. Ford was, appropriately, the mechanic, fixing the cars that broke down, which happened frequently. He also organized contests to determine the best tree-

climber, the best wood-chopper, the best stream-jumper—and he usually won.

“Mr. Ford, when he is out of doors, is just like a boy,” Firestone wrote. “He wants to have running races, climb trees, or do anything which a boy might do.”

Ford also loved practical jokes. On one trip, he convinced the cooks to slice wooden tent stakes into thin strips and boil them in the soup, just so he could watch Firestone, who was proud of the gourmet food he provided, chomping into them.

Henry Ford, the dynamo behind the Four Vagabonds, was a prodigy of energy. By the time he began organizing the camping trips in 1914, Ford, then 51, had designed the most popular car in America—the Model T—created the modern assembly line and become a folk hero by paying his workers the generous sum of \$5 for an eight-hour day. He was also an avid collector of everything from antique farm tools to famous friends.

His most famous friend was Edison, the genius behind the light bulb, the phonograph and the movie camera. As a young man, Ford worked for Edison's company and



Edison encouraged his experiments on a gasoline-powered automobile. When those experiments paid off, Ford rewarded his mentor by loaning him money to rescue his ailing businesses.

“Edison is easily the world’s greatest scientist,” Ford wrote. “I am not sure that he is not also the world’s worst businessman. He knows almost nothing of business.”

John Burroughs was also a mentor to Ford. Nicknamed “the Grand Old Man of Nature,” Burroughs was a famous conservationist who camped with Teddy Roosevelt, and a best-selling author who hobnobbed with Walt Whitman and Oscar Wilde. Ford, an avid bird watcher, was a fan of Burroughs’ writing. When Burroughs grumbled in print that the noisy, smelly automobile was ruining Americans’ appreciation of nature, Ford promptly sent a free Model T to the naturalist, with a note suggesting that it might help him reach scenic

places easier. Burroughs enjoyed the car, and the two men became friends. In 1913, they traveled to Walden Pond, where Burroughs, then 76, taught Ford about birds and the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

‘Mr. Ford, when he is out of doors, is just like a boy,’ Firestone wrote.

‘He wants to have running races, climb trees, or do anything which a boy might do’

“No man could help being the better for knowing John Burroughs,” Ford wrote. “He loved the woods and he made dusty-minded city people love them, too—he helped them see what he saw.”

Burroughs was equally laudatory about Ford: “He looks like a poet and conducts his life like a philosopher. No poet ever expressed himself through his work more completely than Mr. Ford has expressed himself through his car.”

In 1914, Ford invited Burroughs to join him on a trip to visit Edison at the inventor’s winter home in Florida. From there, the three men—accompanied by Edison’s wife and Ford’s wife and son—went camping in the Everglades. Burroughs loved the exotic



As their cook prepares a meal, Harvey Firestone Jr., Burroughs, Harvey Firestone Sr. and Edison relax at Au Sable Forks, N.Y., in 1916.



The Vagabonds relished their version of roughing it and included family and friends in the fun. Clockwise from top left: Burroughs and Ford handle a crosscut saw as Mina and Thomas Edison and Clara Ford look on (1914); President Warren Harding chops wood (1921); Burroughs, Edison and Firestone chat (1916); and Ford laces up his boots (1919).



flora and fauna—he said the Everglades reminded him of Hawaii and Jamaica—and the three men vowed to camp together again.

In October 1915, Edison was honored at San Francisco's Pacific International Exposition. Ford attended, accompanied by Firestone, the Akron rubber manufacturer who supplied him with tires. After the festivities, the three men traveled around California, stopping to visit Luther Burbank, America's most famous horticulturalist.

Shortly after that trip, Ford embarked on another journey—a quixotic attempt to end World War I. The war had been raging since August 1914, although the United States was still neutral. Ford thought the carnage was foolish—which was undeniably true—and he decided to sail to Europe to negotiate a peace treaty. He chartered a steamship and invited prominent Americans, including Edison and Burroughs, to accompany him. Nearly all of them declined, including Edison and Burroughs. So Ford filled his “peace ship” with an eclectic collection of pacifists, suffragists, clerics and college students—or as one newspaper called them “every crackpot and nut in the country.” On December 4, 1915, as a band played “I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier,” the ship set sail. Two weeks later, when it reached Norway, the pacifists were fighting over ideological differences and Ford was locked in his stateroom, claiming he had a cold. He spent a week in Europe but failed to end the war, so he sailed back home, where newspapers mocked him unmercifully.

When an underling informed Ford that his peace crusade had cost him \$465,000, the auto baron tried to look on the bright side. “Well,” he said, “we got a million dollars worth of advertising out of it.”

PERHAPS THE PEACE SHIP fiasco temporarily cured Ford of his wanderlust: He did not accompany his fellow Vagabonds in the summer of 1916, when they went camping in the Adirondacks in New York and the Green Mountains of Vermont.

In Ford's absence, Edison led the expedition and set the tone, which was exceedingly casual. The inventor, then 69, would study his map and select a route but change it repeatedly along the way, usually detouring onto ever rockier roads, claiming that he enjoyed the “shaking out” of being bounced around.

“We never know where we are going,” Firestone joked, “and I suspect that he doesn't either.”

Edison loved escaping the bonds of what he called “fictitious civilization,” and he enjoyed sleeping on the ground in his clothes. “He is a good camper-out, and turns vagabond easily,” Burroughs wrote. “He can rough it week in and week out and be happy.”

Embracing his inner hobo, Edison announced that

they should all stop shaving during the trip. Firestone, a more fastidious fellow, found Edison's edict difficult to obey. After a few days, he snuck off to a hotel, seeking a bed, a bath and a shave.

“You're a tenderfoot,” Edison grumbled when Firestone returned. “Soon you'll be dressing up like a dude.”

In 1917, the year the United States entered World War I, the Vagabonds canceled their vacation. But they resumed the outings in 1918, meandering through the Appalachian Mountains in Virginia, West Virginia and North Carolina. They traveled with a cook and several assistants, including a photographer from Ford's public relations department, who provided newspapers with carefully posed “candid” shots. The Vagabonds tooled down country roads, followed by three trucks stuffed with food, camping equipment and the batteries Edison used to power lights in each tent.

“It often seemed to me,” Burroughs joked, “that we were a luxuriously equipped expedition going forth to seek discomfort.”

After a day's bone-rattling drive, Edison would pick a place to stop and then somebody—usually Ford—would ask a farmer for permission to camp on his land. They'd stay two or three nights at a spot. During the day, they'd hike through the woods, with Burroughs identifying flowers and birds, while Edison sliced into plants, searching for sap that might become an ingredient in synthetic rubber Firestone could use in his tires. When they came upon a stream, Ford and Edison liked to calculate how much hydroelectric power it could generate.

In the afternoon, the Vagabonds moseyed back to their campsite to eat an elaborate dinner prepared by Firestone's cooks. Then they'd build a big fire and sit up late, talking about the war, politics, business and science.

“Around the campfire, we drew Edison out on chemical problems, and heard formula after formula come from his lips as if he were reading them from a book,” Burroughs wrote. “It was easy to draw out Mr. Ford on mechanical problems. There is always pleasure and profit in hearing a master discuss his own art.”

One night, the talk turned to books, and Edison announced that the world's greatest works of literature were “Evangeline” and *Les Misérables*. When Firestone disagreed, touting Shakespeare, Edison suggested that the Bard's plays would be better if somebody translated them into “common, everyday speech.”

Perhaps he was joking. Edison had a wicked wit that cracked up his pals. “His humor is delicious,” Burroughs wrote. Ford liked to tell jokes, too, but he quickly realized that his delivery wasn't nearly as good as Edison's. Later, back in his office, Ford instructed his secretary to type up his favorite jokes, so he could give them to Edison to deliver on future trips.

Edison loved
escaping the bonds
of what he called
“fictitious civilization,”
and he enjoyed sleeping
on the ground in
his clothes



Firestone tests his new balloon tires on a 1923 trip through the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.



Edison sacks out for a noontime nap in the Blue Ridge Mountains in 1921.

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THE VAGABONDS returned to the Adirondacks in 1919, this time in a caravan of 50 cars and trucks, which included the usual retinue of cooks and helpers, plus a posse of reporters, photographers and newsreel cameramen. The Vagabond vacations had become media sensations, which Firestone and Ford were eager to exploit. Firestone decorated his trucks with signs reading “Buy Firestone Tires!” and Ford dealerships along their route announced special sales. One night, the Vagabonds invited a *New York Times* reporter to hang around the campfire and record their palaver.

“I see where there’s a big rumpus over the cost of living,” Ford said, perusing a two-day-old newspaper.

“It’s a great problem,” said Burroughs. “We used to buy things in bulk. They were cheap then. Nowadays, everything comes wrapped up in fancy packages.”

Firestone suggested the problem was too many middlemen between the producer and the consumer. Ford said that food cost too much because farmers were still using horses instead of tractors.

“Eliminate the horse, the cow and the pig,” Ford demanded.

“What are you going to do for meat?” asked Edison.

“You don’t need it,” said Ford. “The world would be better off without meat. It’s 70 per cent ashes anyway. Milk can be manufactured chemically.”

“You can’t eliminate horses and cows and pigs,” Burroughs protested.

Ford said he *could*, and promised that he *would*, replacing them all with machines within a few years. “I will cut down the work on a farm to 20 days a year,” he boasted. “Twenty days a year is all a farmer needs to work.”

But the *Times* reporter wasn’t around when Ford, a notorious anti-Semite, started ranting about Jews. “Mr. Ford attributes all evil to the Jews,” Burroughs wrote in his diary. “The Jews caused the war, the Jews caused the outbreak of thieving and robbery all over the country, the Jews caused the inefficiency of the Navy of which Edison talked last night.”

When Ford cited Jay Gould, the shady financier, as an example of evil Jews who controlled Wall Street, Burroughs said he’d been a childhood friend of Gould, who happened to be a Presbyterian.

Touché! Though his mind was sharp, at 82, Burroughs was growing frail. The following summer, he was too feeble to travel, so the other Vagabonds and their wives visited his Catskills farm, and stayed in hotels instead of camping. Burroughs died in March 1921, and that summer his friends went vagabonding without him.

They camped in the hills of Western Maryland, where they were joined by a new Vagabond—President Warren G. Harding, who arrived at their campsite trailed by a gaggle of White House aides, Secret Servicemen and

photographers. Harding chewed tobacco, chopped firewood, rode a horse and hiked along Licking Creek, reminiscing about the swimming holes of his boyhood. When he noticed Edison napping beneath a tree, the president placed a newspaper over the great man’s head. “We can’t let the gnats eat him up now, can we?”

That night, Harding sat around the campfire until 2 a.m. and slept in a tent. The next morning, he attended an outdoor memorial service for Burroughs, and then returned to Washington. The other Vagabonds kept traveling, camping out for two weeks.

“I like to get out in the woods and live close to nature,” Edison told reporters. “Every man does. It’s in his blood. It is his feeble protest against civilization.”

The trip in 1921 was the last Vagabond jaunt that involved living close to nature. In subsequent years, luxury replaced camping. In 1923, the friends sailed the Great Lakes in Ford’s yacht. In 1924, they checked into the Wayside Inn, an 18th-century hotel in Sudbury, Mass., that Ford had recently purchased. From there, they drove to Plymouth, Vt., to visit Calvin Coolidge, who had become president when Harding died. Coolidge, known as “Silent Cal,” was running for reelection.

“Will Coolidge be elected?” the inevitable mob of reporters hollered to Edison.

“Sure,” Edison replied, “if he doesn’t talk too much.” Coolidge cracked up.

THAT WAS THE VAGABONDS’ last trip. The old friends were getting older and their camping trips had lost pizzazz. Some historians suggest that the trips helped create a new American lifestyle—strapping the kids into the family car for a camping vacation. Others enjoy pointing out a delicious irony: Ford and Edison used the trips to flee from the pressures of a modern civilization that their inventions had helped to create.

For the rest of his life, Ford enjoyed telling a story about the camping trips: Driving his Ford through the countryside, he encountered a farmer trying to fix his broken-down car, which wasn’t a Ford. Without identifying himself, Ford pulled out tools and spare parts and repaired the farmer’s vehicle.

“What’s the charge?” the farmer asked.

“Nothing,” Ford replied.

The farmer insisted on paying, and offered \$1.50.

Ford refused. “I have all the money I want,” he said.

The farmer looked him over skeptically. “Hell,” he said, “you can’t have that much if you drive a Ford.”

It’s a good story. It might even be true. ■

Peter Carlson is the author of Junius and Albert’s Adventures in the Confederacy: A Civil War Odyssey.



Union volunteers assemble in Morgantown, Va., in 1861 to answer the call for "1,010 Brave Men" issued by Francis Pierpont, the newly appointed governor of the Restored Government of Virginia.

Where Rebels Won

The South seceded from the Union in 1861, but western Virginia upstarts seceded from the South—and took a vital railroad with them

By **Gerald D. Swick**

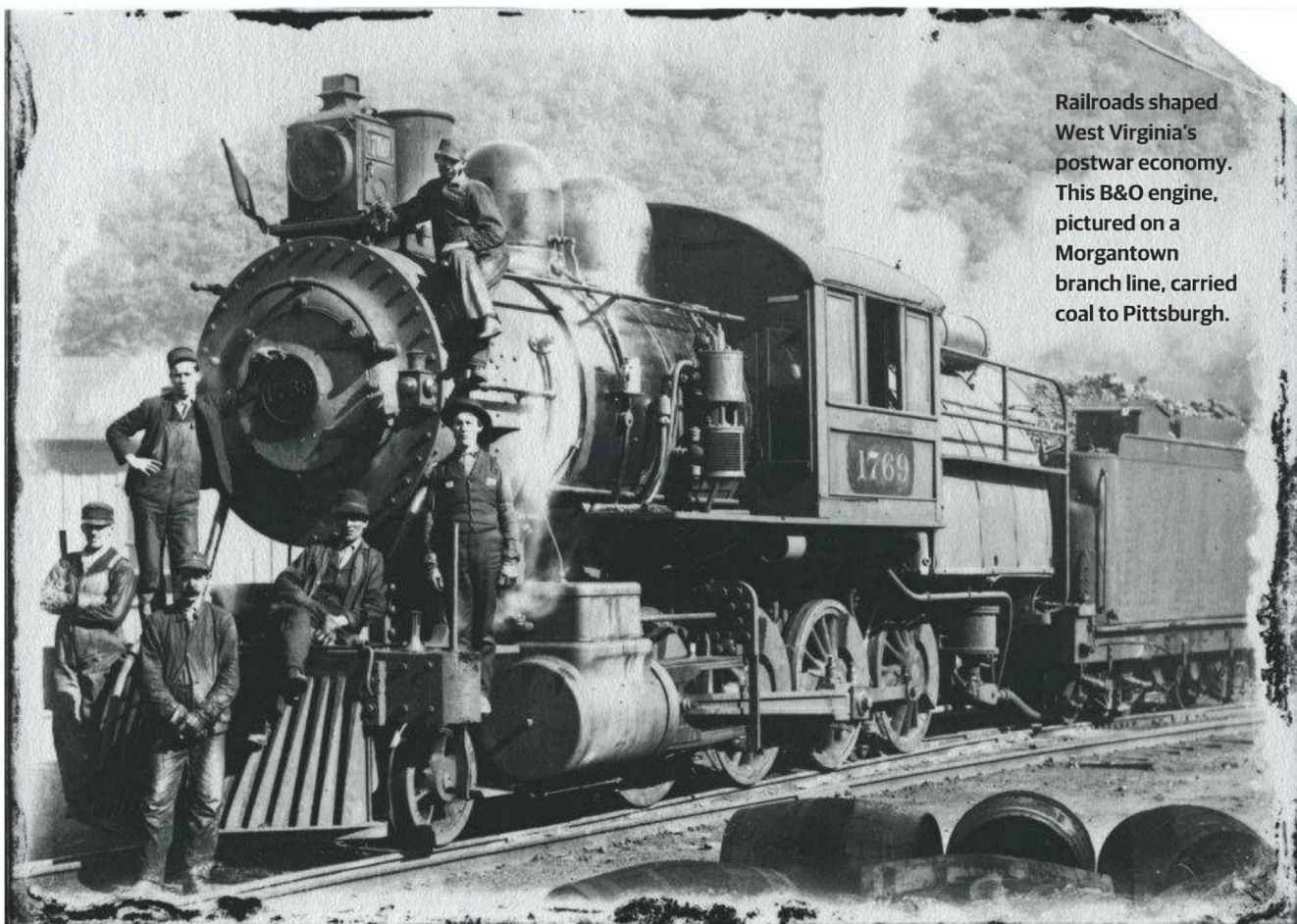


A flag printed on muslin shows a hastily added 35th star to mark West Virginia's statehood in June 1863.

The dreaded moment had arrived: President Abraham Lincoln's call for volunteers to suppress the Southern rebellion in the spring of 1861 pushed the Commonwealth of Virginia off the fence it had tried to straddle between North and South. On May 23, Virginia voters passed a referendum to secede from the Union—but a majority of those in the state's western counties, on the other side of the Allegheny Mountains, had voted against it. Their pro-Union feelings reflected old and bitter differences between Virginia's eastern and western regions over representation in the state government, infrastructure improve-

ments, public education and a tax system that favored slave owners. In 1860 the western counties were home to nearly 34 percent of Virginia's white population but held less than 4 percent of the state's 490,865 slaves. Although few whites there sympathized with "trouble-making abolitionists," slavery wasn't a sacred cow in this mountainous region, where land was unsuitable for large farms. Instead, the western counties were building a diversified economy around mining and manufacturing. Western rivers ran into the American heartland, giving the region stronger commercial and cultural ties with northern and western states than with coastal Virginia. So when eastern planters entreated westerners to join the Confederacy, the invitation was spurned.

The *Alexandria Gazette* had warned, "It would take a hundred thousand bayonets from a Southern Confederacy to force Western Virginia into a union with the Cotton States." In fact, galvanized by the secession issue, 39 western counties started their own rebellion. Delegates convened at Wheeling in the Northern Panhandle, some 40 miles southwest of Pittsburgh, and declared the Richmond government void. In June 1861, they set up the Restored Government of Virginia, with Francis Pier-



Railroads shaped West Virginia's postwar economy. This B&O engine, pictured on a Morgantown branch line, carried coal to Pittsburgh.

pont as governor, and authorized the creation of a new state, fashioned from the original.

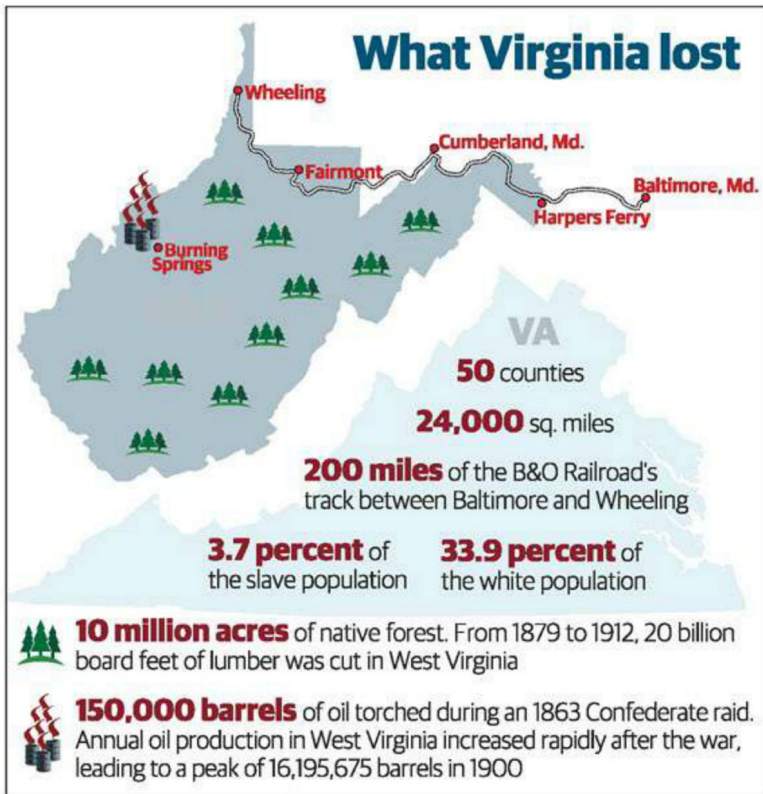
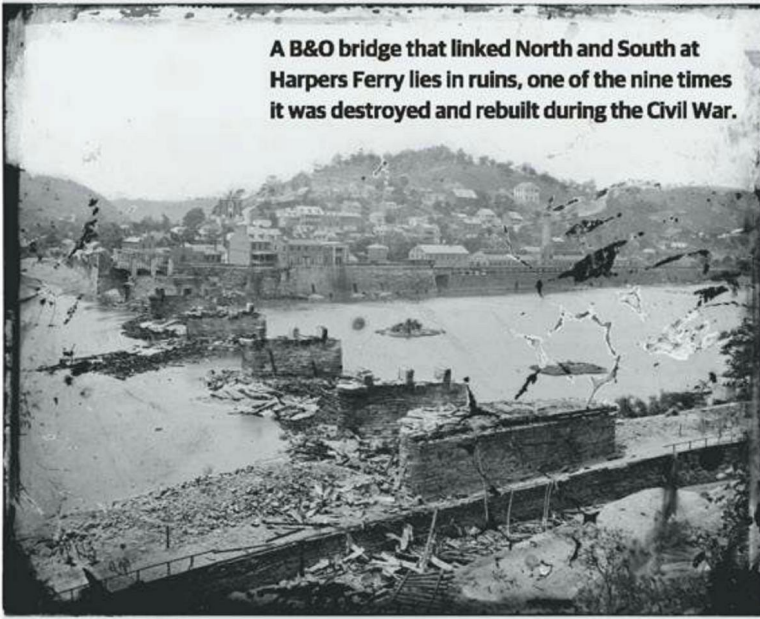
Yet more than two years of maneuvering and drama would pass before "West Virginia" was officially admitted into the United States on June 20, 1863. A lot of the wrangling was political, but a vital transportation link also figured in the strategic planning. The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad snaked its way through the eastern mountains on the Virginia-Maryland border, from where it entered Virginia at Harpers Ferry, to Wheeling on the Ohio River. The B&O and its spur, the Northwestern Virginia Railroad, carried passengers, produce and manufactured goods between the Ohio Valley and the East Coast.

When Virginia seceded, shippers in states west of the Ohio River, fearing disruption of service, began using alternative rail routes through Northern states to get goods to market. The loss of business alarmed John W. Garrett, president of the B&O. In 1860 he had proclaimed the B&O "a Southern railroad" capable of carrying 10,000 (presumably Southern) troops a day. But mounting financial losses changed his perspective. His "Southern friends" became "our misguided friends," and finally "rebels." Shortly after hostilities broke out, the railroad replaced pro-Southern employees in western Virginia with dependable Union loyalists.

The Richmond government had long been hostile to the B&O, repeatedly denying it permission to expand. For one thing, the powerful lobby for the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal perceived the B&O as competition, and some in Richmond resented that the railroad was shifting commerce to Maryland. But the westerners realized this conduit, most of it within the breakaway counties, was critical to their new state's future—and perhaps to the survival of the Union. Worried that the railroad was vulnerable to Confederate troops and that Virginia might at some point revoke the railroad's charter, the westerners shrewdly conspired to grab every inch of the track.

The federal government was not a disinterested bystander. The B&O was the only direct route for moving troops and materiel between the Washington-Baltimore area and the war's Western Theater. Additionally, the western counties were loaded with valuable commodities—coal, oil, salt, timber—and the region's significant industries, including the burgeoning iron mills of Wheeling, were poised to serve the North. In 1862 the *Wheeling Intelligencer* reported that the Hamilton & Clark iron works alone turned out 40 13-inch shells a day. The western counties also offered the prospect of more soldiers, although the citizenry was deeply divided and thousands fought for each side.

A B&O bridge that linked North and South at Harpers Ferry lies in ruins, one of the nine times it was destroyed and rebuilt during the Civil War.



Still, West Virginia statehood was no foregone conclusion in Washington. Article IV, Section 3.1 of the U.S. Constitution says a state's legislature has to approve the creation of a new state from its territory. Congress bickered over whether the Pierpont government had that authority. First the Senate and then the House of Representatives decided that it did and voted in late 1862 to authorize statehood—provided the new state changed its constitution to emancipate its slaves gradually. Western voters agreed and amended their proposed con-

stitution to begin the gradual emancipation of slaves under the age of 21 on July 4, 1863.

The legislation then moved to the president's desk. Lincoln fretted over the constitutionality and expedience of the matter. He surveyed his Cabinet and found they were evenly divided. He held the statehood bill for several days before coming down on the side of expediency, signing it on December 31, 1862, a day before issuing his Emancipation Proclamation. Lincoln noted: "It is said, the devil takes care of his own. Much more should a good spirit—the spirit of the Constitution and the Union—take care of its own. I think it can not do less, and live.... We can scarcely dispense with the aid of West-Virginia in this struggle; much less can we afford to have her against us."

The importance of the Union retaining the B&O was tacitly understood. Originally, West Virginia was to comprise just 39 counties but the number ultimately grew to 50, including six that the Pierpont government annexed in the northern Shenandoah Valley—thereby claiming more B&O tracks for West Virginia. Four of the six voted in April 1862 to approve the annexation, but in the two easternmost, Berkeley and Jefferson, the military situation wasn't stable enough for voting until after West Virginia was admitted to the Union. Those two counties, which had about 5,500 slaves and stronger ties to eastern Virginia, eventually voted to become part of West Virginia, but the polling was controversial. The turnout was very light, and many county residents who opposed joining the new state claimed they were kept prisoner in their homes on voting day. The state's boundaries had been conditionally defined when it was admitted to the Union, but in March 1866 Congress officially approved adding the two eastern counties. The six new counties formed a second panhandle, giving West Virginia its unusual shape—and control of its railroad.

The row over West Virginia didn't end with the war. On December 5, 1865, the postwar government in Richmond repealed the Restored

Government of Virginia's acts that authorized statehood and annexed Berkeley and Jefferson counties. In the resulting lawsuit, *Virginia v. West Virginia*, the U.S. Supreme Court ruled 7-3 against Virginia, but without addressing the key issue of whether West Virginia's creation was constitutional. Expediency had won again. ■

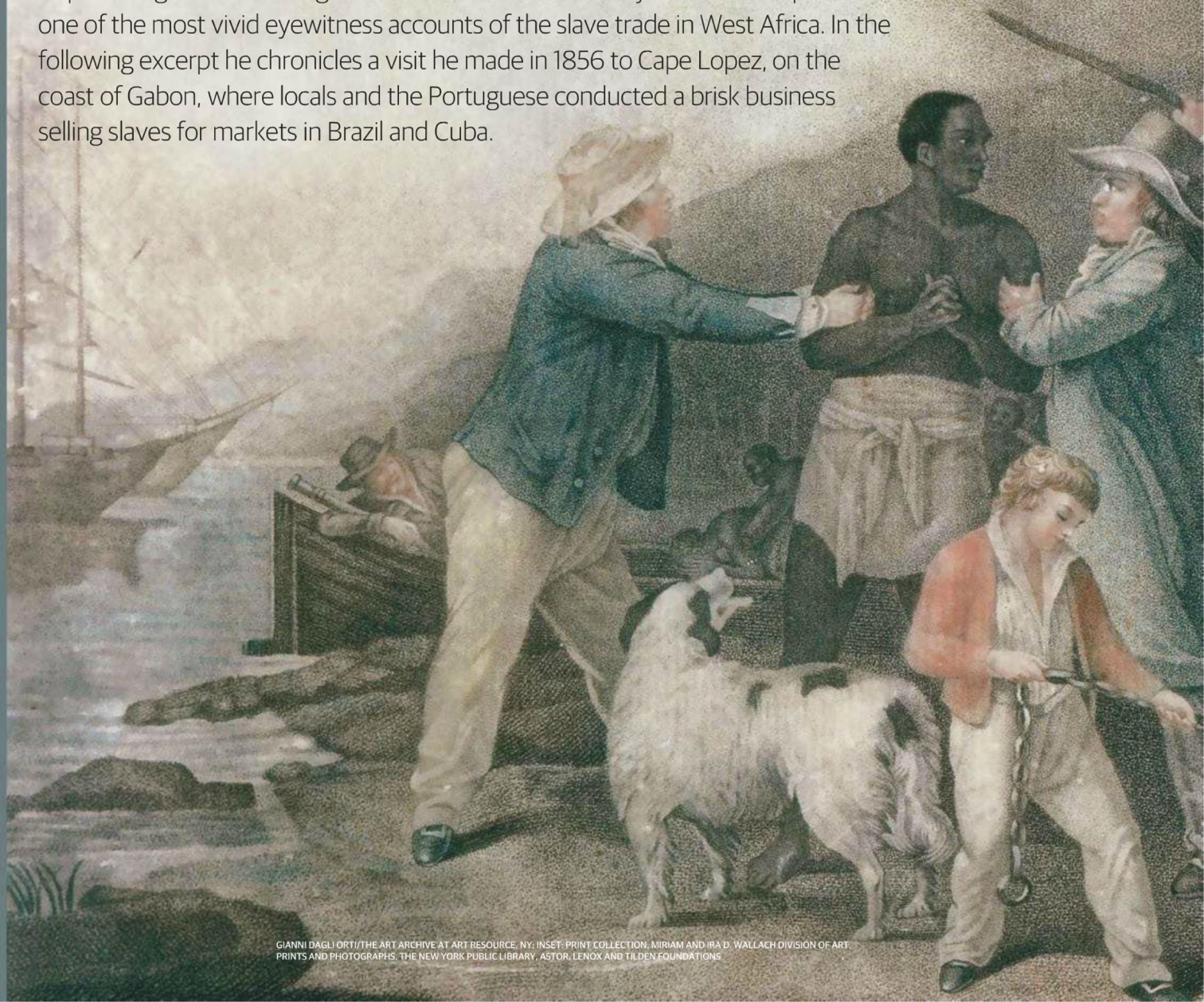
Gerald D. Swick is the author of Historic Photos of West Virginia and writes a weekly newspaper column about West Virginia history.



Slave Factories

Paul Belloni Du Chaillu's inside look at the African slave trade

In 1856 the French-American adventurer Paul Belloni Du Chaillu (left) set out on a journey through Africa that lasted four years and covered some 8,000 miles. His descriptions of gorillas, cannibals and Pygmies in *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa* created a sensation when the book was published in 1861, the year the Civil War broke out, and may have inspired Edgar Rice Burroughs' *Tarzan* series a half century later. He also provided one of the most vivid eyewitness accounts of the slave trade in West Africa. In the following excerpt he chronicles a visit he made in 1856 to Cape Lopez, on the coast of Gabon, where locals and the Portuguese conducted a brisk business selling slaves for markets in Brazil and Cuba.



Man's Inhumanity

An engraving based on George Morland's 1788 painting *The Execrable Human Traffic* depicts an African man being torn from his family by slave traders. About 500,000 Africans were brought to the United States as slaves between 1619 and 1807.



DU CHAILLU
ATTENDS A BALL
AND VISITS THE
SLAVE FACTORIES
OF CAPE LOPEZ

A ball was given by the king in my honor. The room where I had been first received was the ball-room. When I arrived, shortly after dark, I found about 150 of the king's wives assembled, many of whom were accounted the best dancers in the country. Shortly afterward singing began, and then a barrel of rum was rolled in and tapped. A good glassful was given to each of the women, and then the singing recommenced. In this the women only took part, and the airs were doleful and discordant.

When every body was greatly excited with these songs, the king, who sat in a corner on a sofa with some of his favorite wives next him, gave the signal for the dance to begin. Immediately all rose up and beat a kind of tune or refrain to accompany the noise of the tam-tams or drums. Then six women stepped out and began to dance in the middle of the floor. The dance is not to be described. Any one who has seen a Spanish fandango, and can imagine its lascivious movements tenfold exaggerated, will have some faint conceptions of the postures of these black women.

The next day I made a visit to the barracoons or slave-pens. Cape Lopez is a great slave depot—once one of the largest on the whole coast—and I had, of course, much curiosity to see how the traffic is carried on.

The first slave factory I visited was, from the outside, an immense enclosure, protected by a fence of palisades twelve feet high, and sharp-pointed at the top. Passing through the gate, which was standing open, I found myself in the midst of a large collection of shanties surrounded by shade-trees, under which were lying about, in various positions, people enough to form a considerable African town.

An old Portuguese, who seemed to be sick, met and welcomed me, and conducted me to the white men's house, a two-story frame building, which stood immediately fronting the gate. The house was surrounded by a separate strong fence, and in the spacious yard which was thus cut off were the male slaves, fastened six together by a little stout chain which passed through a collar secured about the neck of each. It is rare that six men are unanimous in any move for their own good, and it is found that no attempts to liberate themselves, when thus fastened, succeed.

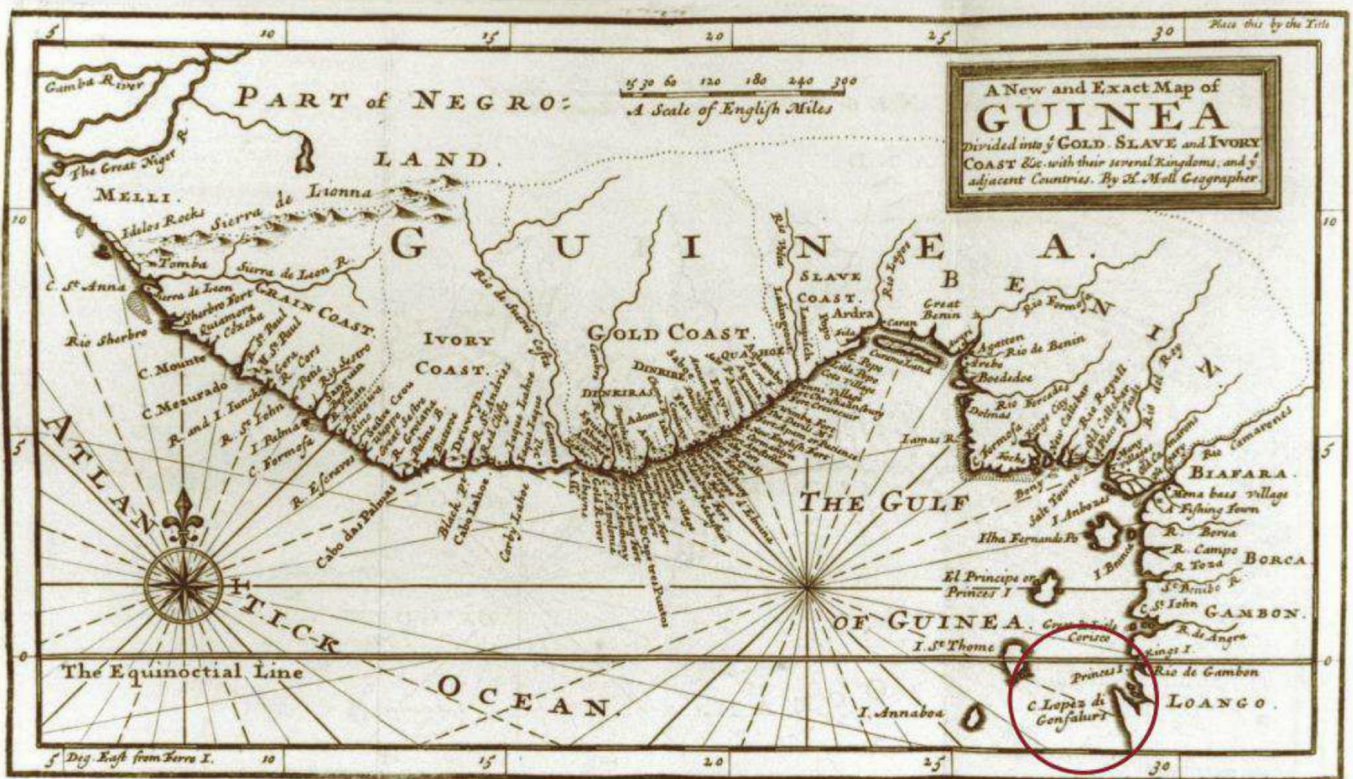
Beyond this yard was another for the women and children, who were not manacled, but allowed to rove at pleasure through their yard, which was also protected by a fence. The men were almost naked. The women wore invariably a cloth about their middle.

Outside of all the minor yards, under some trees, were the huge caldrons in which the beans and rice, which serve as slave food, were cooked. Each yard had several Portuguese overseers, who kept watch and order, and superintended the cleaning out of the yards, which is performed daily by the slaves themselves. From time to time, too, these overseers take the slaves down to the seashore and make them bathe.



Bound in Iron

Heavy iron anklets, like this 19th-century set from West Africa, were used to shackle two slave men together.



Marketplace Millions of African men, women and children were sold into slavery at the Atlantic ports, including Cape Lopez (in circle.)

I remarked that many of the slaves were quite merry, and seemed perfectly content with their fate. Others were sad, and seemed filled with dread of their future; for, to lend an added horror to the position of these poor creatures, they firmly believe that we whites buy them to

eat them. They can not conceive of any other use to be made of them; and where the slave-trade is known in the interior, it is believed that the white men beyond sea are great cannibals, who have to import blacks for the market. Thus a chief in the interior country, having a great respect for me, of whom he had often heard, when I made him my first visit, immediately ordered a slave to be killed for my dinner, and it was only with great difficulty I was able to convince him that I did not, in my own country, live on human flesh.

The next morning I paid a visit to another slave-factory. It was a neater place, but arranged much like the first. While I was standing there, two young women and a lad of fourteen were brought in for sale, and bought by the Portuguese in my presence. The boy brought a twenty-gallon cask of rum, a few fathoms of cloth, and a quantity of beads. The women sold at a larger rate. Each was valued at the following articles, which were immediately paid over: one gun, one neptune (a flat disk of copper), thirty fathoms of cloth, two iron bars, two cutlasses, two looking-glasses, two files, two plates, two bolts, a keg of powder, a few beads, and a small lot of tobacco. Rum bears a high price in this country.

Traditional Ties

Prince Manga Bell of Cameroon posed with four of his reported 15 wives in 1895. The prince was educated in Europe.



TRADERS HERD
HUNDREDS OF
TERRIFIED SLAVES
ABOARD A SCHOONER

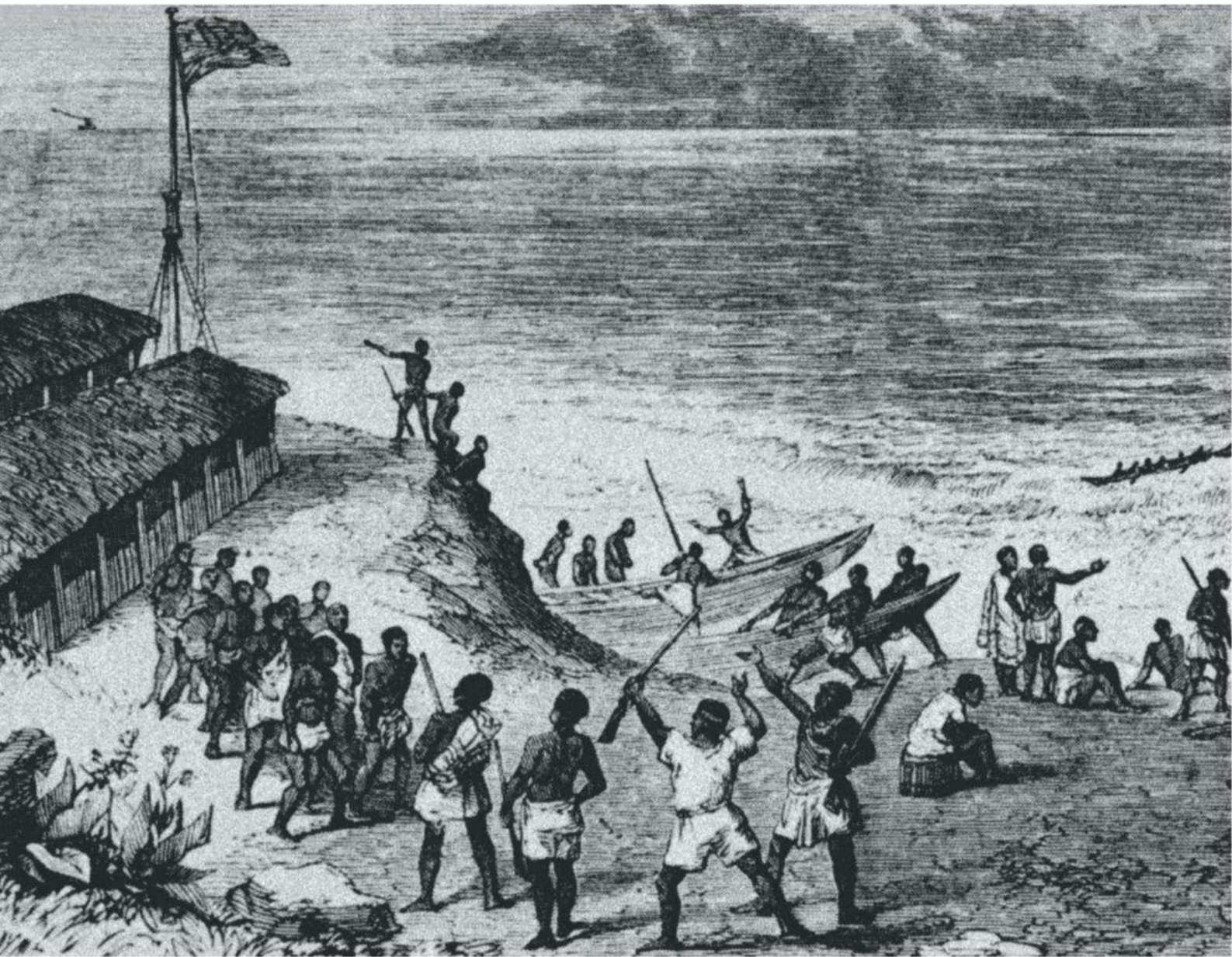
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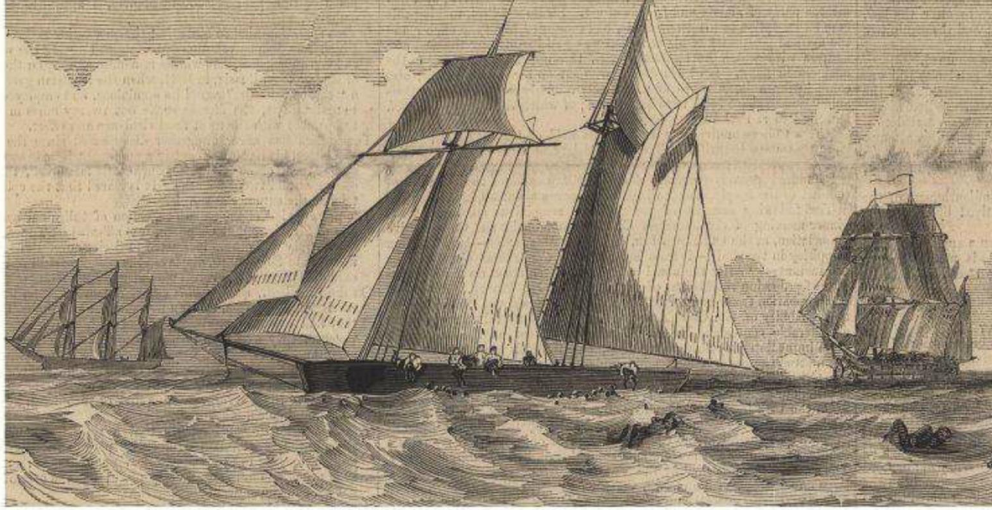
Canoes carry slaves to waiting ships. Between 1500 and 1900, some 10 million Africans came to the New World as slaves.

At two o'clock this afternoon a flag was hoisted at the king's palace on the hill, which signifies that a slaver is in the offing. It proved to be a schooner of about 170 tons' burden. She ran in and hove to a few miles from shore. Immediately I saw issue from one of the factories gangs of slaves, who were rapidly driven down to a point on the shore nearest the vessel. I stood and watched the embarkation. The men were still chained in gangs of six, but had been washed, and had on clean cloths. The canoes were immense boats, managed by twenty-six paddles, and carrying besides each about sixty slaves. Into these the poor creatures were now hurried, and a more piteous sight I never saw. They seemed terrified almost out of their senses; even those whom I had seen in the factory to be contented and happy, were now gazing about with such mortal terror in their looks as one never sees nor feels very often in life. They had been content to be in the factory, where they were well treated and had enough to eat. But now they were being taken away, they knew not whither, and the frightful stories of the white man's cannibalism seemed fresh in their minds.

But there was no time allowed for sorrow or lamentation. Gang after gang was driven into the canoes until they were full, and then they set out for the vessel, which was dancing about in the sea in the offing.

And now a new point of dread seized the poor wretches, as I could see,





Lawbreakers

A British man-of-war chases an American slave ship on the high seas. By 1808, it was illegal to bring slaves to the U.S., but American ship owners profited by delivering them elsewhere.

watching them from the shore. They had never been on rough water before, and the motion of the canoe, as it skimmed over the waves and rolled now one way now another gave them fears of drowning, at which the paddlers broke into a laugh, and forced them to lie down in the bottom of the canoe.

I said the vessel was of 170 tons. Six hundred slaves



were taken off to her; and stowed in her narrow hold. The whole embarkation did not last two hours, and then, hoisting her white sails, away she sailed for the South American coast. She hoisted no colors while near the shore, but was evidently recognized by the people on shore. She seemed an American-built schooner. The vessels are, in fact, Brazilian, Portuguese, Spanish, sometimes Sardinian, but oftenest of all American. Even whalers, I have been told, have come to the coast, got their slave cargo, and departed unmolested, and setting it down in Cuba or Brazil, returned to their whaling business no one the wiser. The slave-dealers and their overseers on the coast are generally Spanish and Portuguese. One of the head men at the factories here told me he had been taken twice on board slave vessels, of course losing his cargo each time. Once he had been taken into Brest by a French vessel, but by the French laws he was acquitted, as the French do not take Portuguese vessels. He told me he thought he would make his fortune in a very short time now, and then he meant to return to Portugal.

The slave-trade is really decreasing. The hardest blow has been struck at it by the Brazilians. They have for some years been alarmed at the great superiority in numbers of the Africans in Brazil to its white population, and the government and people have united to discourage the trade, and put obstacles in the way of its successful prosecution. If now the trade to Cuba could also be stopped.

A pregnant sign of the decay of the business is that those engaged in it begin to cheat each other. I was told by Portuguese on the coast that within two or three years the conduct of Brazilian houses had been very bad. They had received cargo after cargo, and when pressed for pay had denied and refused. Similar complaints are made of Cuban houses; and it is said that now a captain holds on to his cargo till he sees the doubloons, and takes the gold in one hand while he sends the slaves over the side with the other. While the trade was brisk they had no occasion to quarrel. As the profits became more precarious each will try to cut the other's throat. ■

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Reviews

Edited by Gene Santoro

Take Me Out to the Ballgame

Five baseball books present a cutaway view of our country over 130 years, touching the bases on beer, race relations, even war. As Satchel Paige put it, "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

2 Inside the Baseball Hall of Fame

Simon & Schuster

Among the offbeat gems preserved in the photographs of *Inside the Baseball Hall of Fame* are the caps worn by Nolan Ryan when pitching his seven no-hitters (four Angels, one Astros, two Rangers);

Dizzy Dean's Stetson hat; the "Wonder Boy" bat from the film *The Natural*; the Presidential Medal of Freedom presented to catcher Moe Berg for his work as a spy during World War II; the promissory note from Babe Ruth's sale from the Boston Red Sox to the New York Yankees; the Ted Williams GI Joe doll wearing an Air Force bomber jacket and holding a Louisville Slugger; and the suitcase used by Vivian Kellogg, who played first base for the professional women's team the Fort Wayne Daisies from 1944 to 1950, and bearing stickers from every state in which the Daisies played—and Cuba.

1 Pitching in a Pinch: Baseball From the Inside

By Christy Mathewson

Penguin Classics

For starters, there's Christy Mathewson's 1912 classic *Pitching in a Pinch*. America's first great professional sports hero dishes on "The Most Dangerous Batters I Have Met" (Honus "Hans" Wagner tops the list) and "Jinxes and What They Mean to a Ball-Player" (Hint: If you wear a particular necktie to a ballpark and win, wear that same necktie every time you're scheduled to pitch). This new edition includes a 1977 afterword by the great sportswriter Red Smith, who reminds us of the esteem in which the New York Giant was held: "Contemporary literature gives us the impression that there was a quality of majesty about the man. Certainly he was regarded as a deity to his fans, who were by no means confined to New York." Mathewson's book is a treasure, one of the three or four best ever written by a major league player.

Christy Mathewson shows his stuff in 1912.



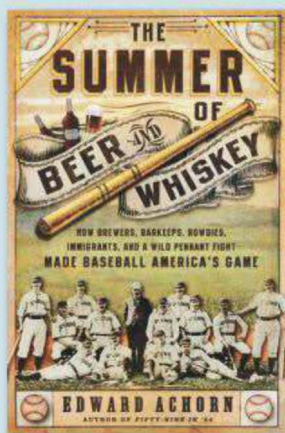
"Wonder Boy" hit it big in the 1984 flick *The Natural*.



3 The Summer of Beer and Whiskey: How Brewers, Barkeepers, Rowdies, Immigrants, and a Wild Pennant Fight Made Baseball America's Game

by Edward Achorn, PublicAffairs

Funny, quirky and way out of baseball's vast left field, *The Summer of Beer and Whiskey* is set in 1883. That's when an enterprising German-born brewer bought a baseball team for the sole purpose of selling more beer. The result was a match made in heaven.

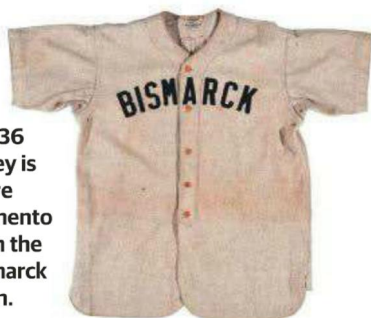


Reviews

4 **Color Blind: The Forgotten Team That Broke Baseball's Color Line**

by Tom Dunkel, Atlantic Monthly Press

Color Blind tells one of baseball's great hidden stories, about an integrated semipro team in Bismarck, N.D., during the Great Depression. "These men," writes Dunkel, "gravitated one by one to a baseball diamond scratched into the dark soil of the Great Plains some 1,500 miles from Brooklyn," where Jackie Robinson would break the color barrier in the major leagues in 1947. They were "a crop of ball players the likes of which this country had never seen." Now their story is unearthed for the wonder of us all.



A 1936 jersey is a rare memento from the Bismarck team.

5 **The Victory Season: The End of World War II and the Birth of Baseball's Golden Age**

by Robert Weintraub, Little, Brown

The Victory Season is a splendid account of 1946, when America's World War II wounds began to heal. It leaps off the page like a newsreel. The new postwar stars, like Ted Williams, Stan Musial, Joe DiMaggio and Jackie Robinson, have never seemed more vivid.

—Allen Barra

Junius and Albert's Adventures in the Confederacy: A Civil War Odyssey

By Peter Carlson
PublicAffairs

Junius Browne and Albert Richardson became newspaper reporters

because they craved adventure. As this thoroughly entertaining new book explains, they found plenty, even before Confederates captured them and sent them on an eventful tour through Southern prisons that lasted almost two grueling years.

Browne was small, balding and somewhat shy. Married with a growing family in Massachusetts, Richardson was bearded and self-confident. He began reporting for the *New York Tribune* after a chance meeting with its legendary editor, Horace Greeley. Richardson recruited his friend Browne for the newspaper's stable, and the duo set out to cover the war. They were at Fort Donelson when Ulysses S. Grant captured it. Richardson covered Antietam; Browne missed Arkansas' Battle of Pea Ridge but, as many newsmen of the era did, still wrote a detailed—and completely fabricated—account of the fighting.

The two men had reunited to cover Grant's Vicksburg Campaign when things went awry on May 4, 1863. Vicksburg's defenders shelled the steam tug taking the reporters down the Mississippi, fished the men from the river and shipped them to Richmond. Browne and Richardson spent 15 miserable weeks in Libby Prison before being packed off across town to Castle Thunder. In February 1864 they were shipped off again, this time to Salisbury, N.C.

Things there went from not so bad to much, much worse as an influx of captured Union soldiers



A newspaper vendor peddles the headlines in a Union Army camp in Virginia in 1863.

turned the prison into an overcrowded hell populated by "skeletons in rags." Conditions deteriorated and hope faded until, on December 18, 1864, Browne, Richardson and two other men made their break. Joined by a fifth escapee, the men aimed to reach Union lines 200 miles away. It was a tense, uncertain trek. They depended on area slaves for food and shelter—"the story of the Underground Railroad with the colors reversed," Carlson writes—and also received assistance from pro-Union citizens in the hill areas of North Carolina. Did they make their way back to freedom? Well, that would be telling.

Carlson, a former journalist, knows a good story when he finds one, and demonstrates a talent for ferreting out the odd detail and humanizing incident as he peers into some obscure corners of Civil War history. Aided in no small degree by the accounts his two principals left behind, Carlson weaves a suspenseful, fast-paced and sometimes wry tale, as full of incident and surprise as a novel.

—Tom Huntington

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The Rebellion of Miss Lucy Ann Lobdell

by William Klaber
Greenleaf

This is a man's world, and Lucy Ann Lobdell decided there was only one way to face it:

"I made up my mind to dress in men's attire to seek labor," she wrote in 1855. "And as I might work harder at house-work, and get only a dollar



Lucy Ann Lobdell, circa 1853, wears buckskin and braids.

per week, and I was capable of doing men's work, and getting men's wages, I resolved to try."

William Klaber's intriguing novel, *The Rebellion of Miss Lucy Ann Lobdell*, picks up the story here, as Lucy, abandoned by her husband and needing money, leaves home in her brother's clothes as Joseph Lobdell. Enough is known about Lobdell's life for Klaber to fill in the blanks convincingly—from the New York-Pennsylvania border, where Lucy grew up rambunctious and impoverished, to Minnesota Territory, where Joseph chased the dream of living free while guarding land claims on the frontier.

Lobdell's true-life story reads like fiction; Klaber embellishes it rather than creating out of whole cloth, which makes *Rebellion* more believable and pointed. In fact, Lobdell numbers among the known handful of American women who successfully presented themselves as men: Deborah Sampson, who fought in the Revolutionary War; Sarah Emma Edmonds, who fought

in the Civil War; and Charley Parkhurst, the one-eyed California stagecoach driver whose gender was revealed after death.

Joseph Lobdell was both admired and ridiculed; the loudest attackers were often those who found out "he" wasn't, genetically speaking, the swell fellow they thought "him" to be. For all of Klaber's tender care, his fictional Lobdell is a

broken character, plagued by declining physical and mental health. But Klaber spares Joseph the final indignities of the real-life Lobdell, who was declared insane in 1880, sent to an asylum near Seneca Falls, N.Y. (the birthplace of the U.S. women's movement) and died 32 years later in a state psychiatric hospital.

—Christine M. Kreiser

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The half-century-old **Clearwater Festival** is set for June 15-16 in idyllic Croton Point Park on the Hudson River—one of the former toxic landfills reclaimed thanks to festival founder Pete Seeger, who put great music in service of environmental awareness. Tents highlight alt technologies, artisanal food and farmers markets. But the stage is the big draw; performers include Mavis Staples, Sharon Jones and the Dap Kings, Hot Tuna, Son Volt, the Travellin' McCourys, Judy Collins, Kris Kristofferson and the Klezmatics. Kids under 12 free. www.clearwater.org

Seeger co-founded the **Newport Folk Festival**, held at Fort Adams Park, where audiences look over the bay and ocean from a 18th-century redoubt. On June 26-28, Beck, the Avett Brothers, Feist, Andrew Bird, Trombone Shorty and Orleans Avenue, Tift Merritt and Justin Townes Earle are among the top-flight acts. The storied island is well worth touring for its coastline trails, relics from slave-trading and fishery times, and ostentatious Gilded Age mansions. www.newportfolkfest.net

On August 2-3, the **Newport Jazz Festival** takes the Fort Adams stage with Wayne Shorter, Natalie Cole, Chick Corea, Esperanza Spalding, Marcus Miller and the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, among others. www.newportjazzfest.net

September 20-22 marks the **Monterey Jazz Festival's** 56th birthday at the gorgeous oak-lined 20-acre fairgrounds where it was born, a mile inland on one of the California coast's most glorious stretches. Among the 500 artists on the fest's eight stages: George Benson, Bobby McFerrin, David Sanborn, Diana Krall, Wayne Shorter, Ravi Coltrane and the Brubeck Brothers. All proceeds go to music education. www.montereyjazzfestival.org/2013 —Gene Santoro



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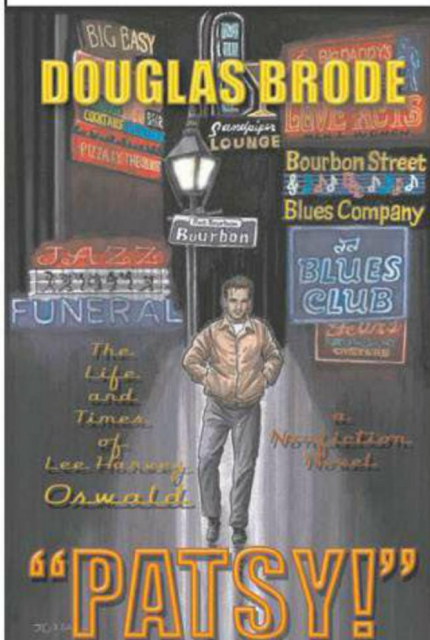
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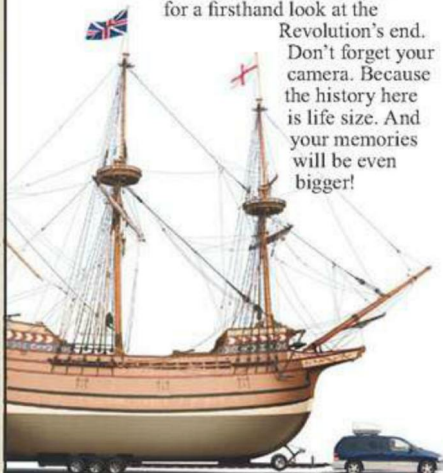
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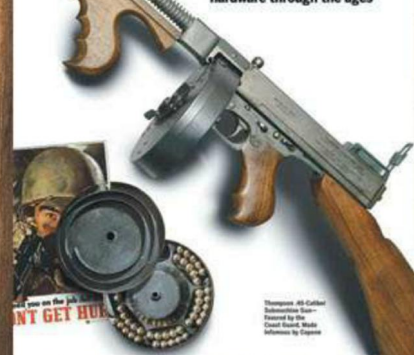
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Reviews

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—Gene Santoro

Emigrants on the Overland Trail The Wagon Trains of 1848

Michael E. LaSalle

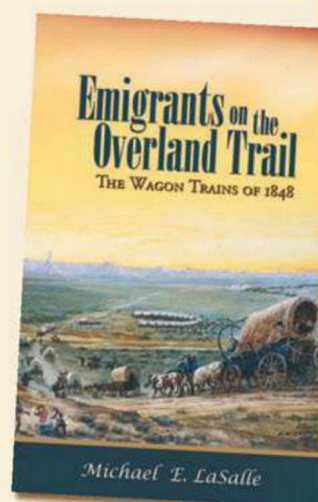
As a tireless researcher, dedicated trail hound, keen observer, and lively writer, Michael E. LaSalle provides an engaging and useful look at an extremely interesting year in the story of America's overland wagon roads. His brisk narrative vividly evokes the landscape's sounds, smells and characters, and its landforms, rivers, canyons, desert basins, and ranges. His perspective is refreshingly unorthodox and fearlessly challenges established interpretations.

—*Western Historical Quarterly*

Tapping into newly discovered archival sources, Michael LaSalle enriches our understanding of the westward movement through his painstaking reconstruction of the experiences of eighteen wagon trains that took to the Oregon and California Trails in 1848.

Richly illustrated with photographs, artwork, and maps, his narrative weaves the various "voices" of these pioneer reporters into a compelling day-to-day trail experience that provides insight into this great American adventure.

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On DVD

American Experience: Henry Ford

PBS, 120 minutes

Henry Ford was driven. He tinkered obsessively

to create a horseless carriage that would change the rural way of life he'd fled as a 16-year-old for the grimy lure of becoming a Detroit mechanic. Years of failure finally yielded the Model T. It was, he declared, perfect. Millions of Americans agreed, happily forking over \$850 for a new one when other cars cost \$2,000 or more. The Model T was tough, resilient and cheap to fix; for a decade it dominated the mass market it helped create. Then came the Roaring Twenties—the first flowering of modern consumer America, spawned in large part by Ford's combination of relatively high wages and cost-cutting assembly line production. People now wanted options: Enter General Motors, with multiple model lines and annual style changes. Ford, a stubborn believer in his own genius, refused to cater to what he saw as a society gone decadent—and so his company nearly went broke. The very qualities that fueled Ford's rise to greatness blinded him.

This exceptional episode of the PBS series *American Experience* portrays Ford as a contradictory, almost tragic enigma. The oldest son of a prosperous farmer, he hated farm work and adored taking clocks apart. His first car companies failed; he learned to hate stockholders and manipulate their money while pursuing his single-minded goal: a simple car for the masses. After the Model T's huge success, Ford built a 31,000-square-foot house in rural Dearborn, Mich., rather than elite Grosse Pointe—he scorned the wealthy as effete non-doers. At his eager behest, newsreel crews and

newspaper people recorded Ford's "simple" life. His company made fawning movies about him. Thousands of letters from people his Model T had opened new vistas for hardened Ford's conviction that he was an unchallengeable visionary.



Henry Ford (left) built an assembly line to turn out Model T's (right) with precision and speed. "Be ready to revise any system," he said in 1923, "if the success of the job requires it."

His vision, however, had ugly sides. This self-made workaholic loathed the modern America he helped shape: The notion of leisure time appalled him. He despised Jews, using his 7,000 national Ford dealerships to distribute scurrilous anti-Semitic screeds until a lawsuit stopped him. When the engineers who developed and built the Model T with him created a new prototype while he was on vacation, Ford ripped its doors off, then demolished it; he soon fired them all.

Ford famously paid his workers well. In return, his sociological "inspectors" pried deep into their

lives (Did they drink? Take in boarders? Have illegitimate children?) while he set up classes to mold them into his idealized notion of yeoman Americans. A monomaniacal control freak, he broke his son Edsel for the sin of

not being his carbon copy. When Edsel had foundations dug for a new building, Henry ordered construction stopped but left the huge hole; every day his son—and all Ford's workers—passed it, reminded that only Henry made decisions.

With stunning imagery and incisive comments, *Henry Ford* is revealing, unsettling and riveting. It reminds us that great men aren't simple icons; like the rest of us, they are unpredictable stews of motives, beliefs, opportunities, talent and luck, whose greatness in some things doesn't confer greatness in all. —Gene Santoro

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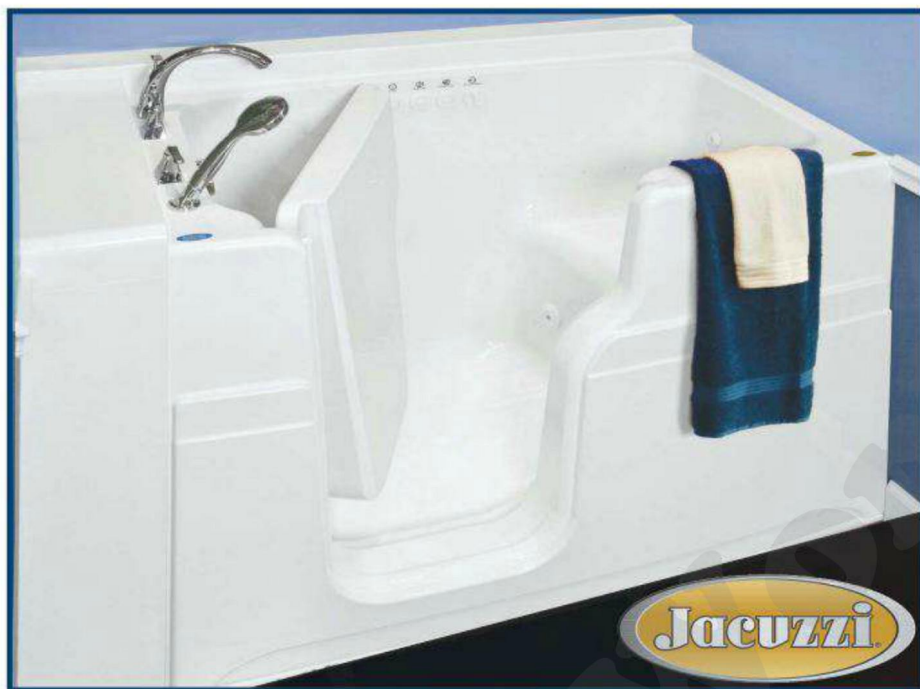
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For Gamers

Assassin's Creed III

(Ubisoft)

Set during the American Revolution, the latest installment of the Assassin's Creed series merges sci-fi and history in winning ways. Yes, it is violent and fanciful (a centuries-long war is going on between the Templars and the Assassins, and the fate of the planet hangs in the balance). But it doubles as a surprisingly good time machine, with marvelously accurate depictions of key people, places and events that bring them to vivid, interactive life.

The plot: To stop the Templars, Desmond Miles, one of the Assassins, must relive the exploits of two of his direct ancestors in 18th-century America—a British nobleman who makes the Atlantic crossing to Boston in 1754, and a member of the Mohawk tribe. Their stories take you to 1783, letting you experience the Revolution's high points firsthand. Playing the game means participating in the Boston Massacre, the Tea Party, Paul

Revere's ride, Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, several naval battles off the coast of New York and more. It also means exploring painstakingly rendered historic sites like Faneuil Hall, and interacting with artisans, farmers, militiamen and soldiers, even feeding the pigs and dogs that roam Boston's streets. You learn the complex process of loading and firing a musket, and bury a hatchet in a fleeing redcoat's back. You see close-up what life during the Revolution was really like.

Serious gamers want a convincing story and believable characters, and merging fact with fiction this skillfully allows them to participate in history in ways no textbook can. The spellbinding graphics, excellent voice-acting and remarkable attention to genuine detail fire their enthusiasm for learning. The next step is to encourage gamers to venture beyond their consoles for more. —Linda Santoro



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A Gallatin, Mo., shoemaker's shop was once the site of a bank robbed by Jesse James.

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—Gene Santoro



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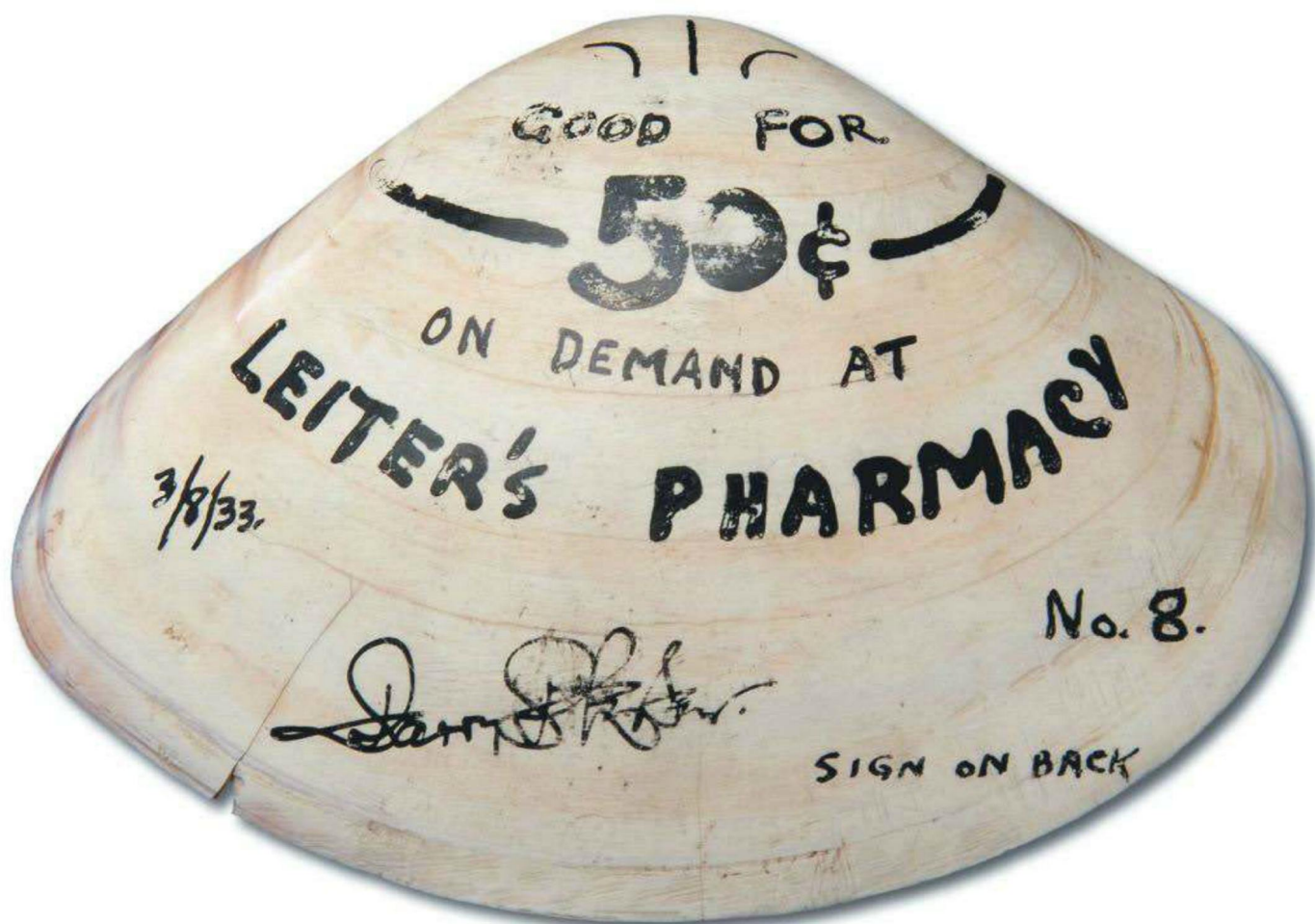
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1933

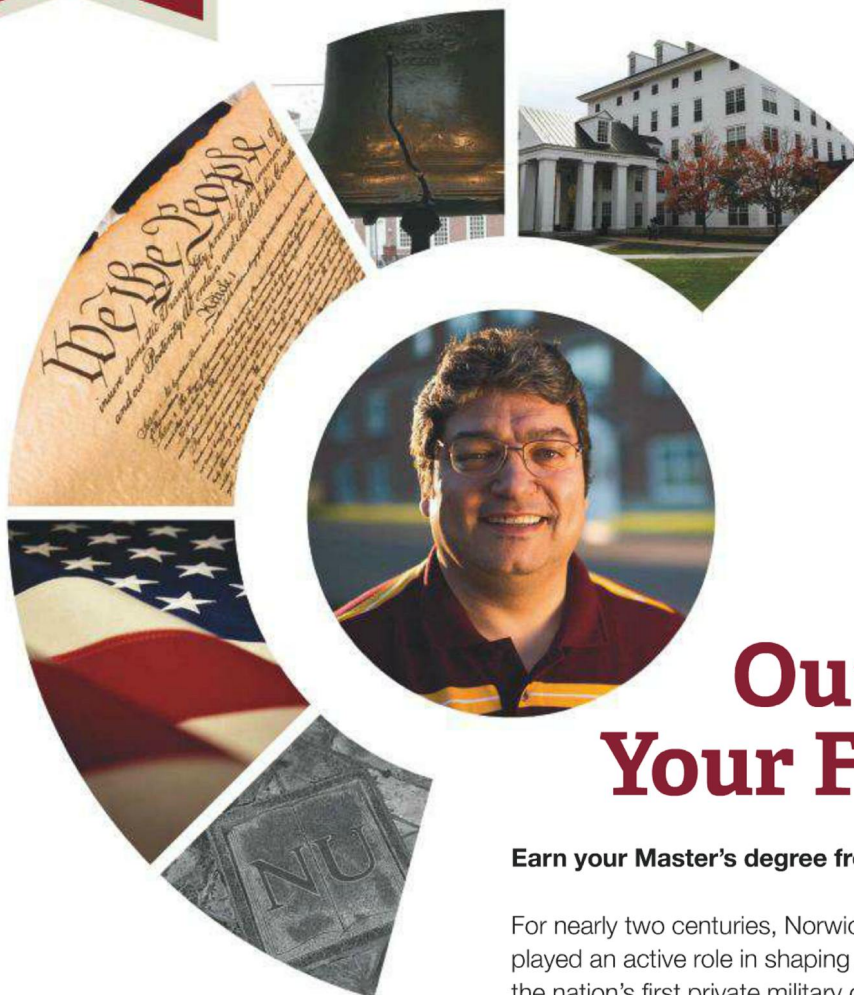
Merchants across the nation were left in a lurch when President Franklin D.

Roosevelt declared a “bank holiday” on March 6, 1933. With banks closed and people holding on to their money, cash was hard to find and businesses needed a way to keep the local economy afloat. Leiter’s Pharmacy, in Pismo Beach, Calif., circulated clamshell currency, in 25-cent, 50-cent and \$1 denominations. The town had taken its name from the Pismo clam, and shells were easy to find and use as temporary currency. Each Pismo clamshell had a number, and as the shell changed hands it was signed on the front and back. Once the banks

reopened, the clamshell could be redeemed at the pharmacy for cash. Pismo Beach wasn’t the only city using unusual scrip during the Great Depression. Varieties ranged from wooden coins in Blaine, Wash., and buckskin cash in Riverton, Wyo., to notes printed on rubber tire scraps in Hood River, Ore. By March 13, the bank holiday was over, but the novelty of the emergency money never wore off. “I still wish I had some,” says Mort Leiter, owner of Leiter’s Pharmacy family business. “The clamshells were partly for publicity, but these small town merchants needed something when the banks were closed.”

—Sarah Cokeley

*Image courtesy of Smithsonian's National Museum of American History.
The Leiter's Pharmacy clamshell is on view in the exhibition "Treasures of American History."*



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